

The Constellation.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE AND PLEASED WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."

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THE CONSTELLATION.

BORROWING.

This species of annoyance is so common, particularly in reference to Newspapers, that we hope all will subscribe, that there may be no necessity for borrowing, *The Constellation*.

"There is no class of people so annoying in a community as those who are eternally in the habit of borrowing—who through extreme parsimony neglect to provide themselves with the various articles which are considered indispensable in a well regulated family, and subsist almost entirely at the expense of their neighbors. But it is a notorious fact, which we dare say many of our neighbors will bear witness to, that there are many families who seem to make it the chief business of their lives to borrow."

"My dear," said Mrs. Green to her husband one morning, "the meal which we borrowed from Mr. Black a few days ago is almost out, and we must take to-morrow."

"Well," said the husband, "send and borrow half a bushel at Mr. White's; he sent to mill yesterday."

"And when it comes, shall we return the peck we borrowed more than a month ago, from the widow Gray?"

"No," said the husband gruffly, "she can send for it when she wants it. John, do you go down to Mr. Brown's and ask him to lend me his axe to chop some wood this forenoon; ours is quite dull, and I saw him grinding his last night. And James, do you go to Mr. Clark's and ask him to lend me a hammer—and do you hear? you may as well borrow a few nails, while you are about it."

A little boy now enters and says, "Father sent me to ask if you had done with his hoe, which you borrowed a week ago last Wednesday; he wants to use it."

"Wants his hoe, child? What can he want with it? I have not half done with it yet—but if he wants it, I suppose he must have it. Tell him to send it back, though, as soon as he can spare it."

They sat down to breakfast. "O la!" exclaims Mrs. Green, "there is not a particle of butter in the house—James, run over to Mrs. Notable's, she always has excellent butter in her dairy, and ask her to lend me a plateful."

After a few minutes James returned: "Mrs. Notable says she has sent you the butter, but begs you to remember that she has already lent you nineteen platefuls, which are scored on the dairy door."

"Nineteen platefuls!" exclaimed the astonished Mrs. Green, holding up both her hands; "it is no such a thing—I never had half that quantity; and if I had, what is a little plateful of butter? I never think of keeping an account of such a trifling affair—I declare, I have a great mind never to borrow anything of that mean creature again, as long as I live."

After breakfast, Mr. Green must shave. His razor is out of order. "John, where is Mr. Smith's hone and strap?"

"He sent for it the other day, sir, and said he should like to have the privilege of using it himself sometimes."

"Sent for it? Impertinent! He might at least have waited till I was done with it. Well, go down to Squire Stern's and ask him to lend me his best razor; tell him mine is so dull I can do nothing with it. I know he has an excellent one—for I saw him buy it last week at Mr. Grant's store. Be sure and get the new one."

A girl enters—"Mother sent me to see if you had done with the numbers of the Lady's book, [or perhaps the Constellation] which you borrowed of her

several months ago. She says she would like to read it herself?"

"My dear child, why did not your mother send for it before? I declare I don't know where it is now. I lent it to somebody—I forget who! I'll make inquiry, and if I can find it, I will send it to her in the course of a few weeks."

In the afternoon it rains—"Wife, where is my great-coat?"

"My dear, your great-coat has got two great holes under the arm-pits; besides, it is so shabby I am ashamed to see you wear it. Can't we borrow one somewhere?—Here, James, go to Deacon Davis's, and ask him if he will lend your father his new surt-out, as it rains, and his is not fit to wear. He will take good care of it, and return it when he is done with it."—And so on to the end of the chapter.

A friend once informed us that about ten o'clock, one cold stormy evening in the month of February, when his family were about retiring for the night to their respective apartments, a loud rap was heard at the door, which on being opened, there entered a little urchin, who said his mammy, who lived but a few paces distant, had sent her respects, and wished to borrow a warming-pan to warm her bed, as the night was cold, and they had none in the house. The warming-pan was forthwith brought from the kitchen, and handed over to the little fellow; but he was not yet satisfied—"Mother says if you lend us the warming-pan, perhaps you would lend us some coals too, to put into it, as our fire is almost gone out!"—*Exeter News-Letter.*

DOMESTIC MANNERS OF THE AMERICANS.

By Mrs. Trollope.

We now furnish the remainder of our extracts from the *Illinois Magazine*, which want of room prevented appearing in the last number. The writer's remarks on the society of that beautiful and flourishing city—Cincinnati—are in perfect accordance with our own opinions.

"Although we find in the books published by foreign travellers in our country, statements of many circumstances in our manners and habits which it would be well for us to correct, yet the greatest number of the complaints made by them, when analyzed, amount simply to this, that we do not govern ourselves by European prejudices, nor, upon all occasions, adopt English follies, when we are not tempted to do so, either by our circumstances, our climate, our institutions, or the state of society. The cause and the effects of our rapid prosperity, and the generally diffused enjoyment of comfort, are among the sources of Mrs. T.'s heaviest complaints. The general prevalence of industry among all classes, which she complains of, as an evil, here produces its natural and legitimate effects, and increases our comforts and conveniences, with a rapidity altogether unexampled. And the difficulty of obtaining servants, is simply a proof that the poorer classes of society can generally live comfortably without being under the necessity of subjecting their daughters to the whims and caprices of such persons as Mrs. Trollope, who seem to consider that there are different casts in society, some of whom are born to be the servants of the others—who, in short, adopt the same ideas that prevail among our Southern brethren, but who do not, like them, think that these different casts are marked by nature, and distinguished by their color. In Cincinnati, where the scene of Mrs. T.'s troubles in this matter is laid, we have had the experience of a dozen years, and we have generally found that any services we need, may be purchased—at a higher price, indeed, than in Europe; but this only proves what we have above stated, that the laboring classes of the community are better situated here than there—a state of things which we heartily hope may long continue. There is no disinclination here to the performance of labors that are useful, or necessary to the well-being of society. But the evil which is so annoying to cockney travellers is, that none among us, whose labors are useful, are willing to consider themselves as degraded by the performance of them.

Although Mrs. Trollope's book was intended to be any thing but flattering to the citizens of Cincinnati, yet her statements, if duly analyzed and placed in their true light, (and if their truth could be relied on) would be found to present a very favourable view, not

only of the present state, but, also, of the future prospects of this city.

The spirit of industry prevalent among all classes—the neglect of those childish attentions to unimportant matters, which have their origin in a state of society in which there is more wealth than good sense—and the want of such a class in the community as that of which she would form a component part—must appear to all persons of correct feelings and sound judgment, as excellences in our state of society, notwithstanding the sneering manner in which Mrs. T. speaks of them—endeavouring to make them appear as defects. To those who have had an opportunity of knowing what Mrs. T.'s character and tastes were, it will appear highly favorable to the character of our citizens, that she was not pleased with our state of society; and that her manner and opinions were not approved by us. It is not, indeed, a proof of any thing more than the prevalence of plain, ordinary common sense, that the attempt to introduce a taste for private theatricals and frequent public balls—for tawdry, tinsel finery to cover over the filthiness that must be the natural consequence of indolence, and that inattention to ordinary duties, which the pursuit of pleasure would induce—add for that coarse, forward, masculine style of manners among our young ladies, which would relieve them of what she considers insipidity of character—it is not remarkable, we say, that such tastes could not be introduced among us by all the efforts that could be made by one who professes to be a great lover of ease and of pleasures; and it is not surprising that Cincinnati should appear to her to be a 'triste little city.'

To those who cannot divest their minds of the idea, that society must be divided into two classes, one of which makes the pursuit of idle pleasures its business, and the other seeks every opportunity of indulging in them, in order to forget, for a short time, the toils and oppressions they are fated to suffer, without the hope of ever effecting a favourable change in their circumstances—with no alleviation of their cares and labors, but in transient snatches of such pleasures as are afforded by ostentatious display, or unrestrained indulgence, it is true, our city does not offer the attraction of numerous public amusements; but we believe it equally true, that there is not an equal number of people in the world, who enjoy more of the tranquil, quiet, unostentatious pleasures of life than its inhabitants; and we believe it is the aspect given to it by the taste for such pleasures, which forms the secret charm that induces so many to select it as their place of residence—the charm which makes so many pleased with it, they know not why. It is true, that we have no private theatricals, and few public balls, or other public amusements; we do not often use silver forks, nor countenance flirtations; and some of our private parties are dull; but it is equally true, that there are very few families among us—above the rank of the lowest class of the poor—very few families, composed of the industrious and prudent, and who have been among us long enough to have begun to experience the uniform effects produced by the exercise of those qualities—whose dwellings do not exhibit, by an appearance of ease and comfort, of neatness and attention to domestic enjoyments, that the inhabitants can appreciate the pleasures of life; and they show, by the frequent interchange of social visits among their neighbors, and by their general bearing, that their lives are any thing but 'triste,' for the want of ostentatious public amusements.

The evils of a life of industry, when it meets with a reward sufficient to induce perseverance, are certainly not such as to make us join any of our European visitors in lamentations for the want of a system of idle pleasures; and the freedom which, according to their showing, we exercise in all matters with so little scruple, would as readily be displayed in foolish indulgences, if we chose them in preference to rational enjoyments, as in other matters. But where civil freedom exists, and where some attention is paid to the cultivation of the mind among all classes, a very different taste, in regard to pleasures and amusements, will always be found to prevail, from that which exists in countries under arbitrary governments, or in which society is divided into two distinct classes—those of master and slave."

"The appellations of 'the old woman,' and 'the Englishwoman,' which her neighbors employed in

speaking of Mrs. T., and of which she complains so frequently, were probably used by them from mere delicacy, and were the result of their rustic, native politeness. Her name, as we have said, appeared to them so characteristic, that they felt as if it would appear insulting to use it in her hearing; and her style of dress and masculine stride in walking, made them think that it would be complimentary to designate her by any term that would show that they did not consider her a descendant of the aborigines; the females of which race—owing to our prejudices of education—are in much worse odor among us than even female cockney philosophers and wittings. The remark of Mrs. T., that there were but few families whom she left in this city with regret, is very flattering to us. Even the few that she did associate with, do not all merit the reputation which that circumstance, alone, would have the tendency to bring upon them. We know of some of those whom we suppose to be among the persons referred to. They possess so much of the milk of human kindness, which experience can curdle, that no defect of character prevents them from affording friendly offices, even to the most undeserving, whenever they are solicited; and the losses and misfortune which ever attend such a disposition, have not altered it. Others of those to whom she refers, may, perhaps be similar in character.

The most amusing parts of Mrs. Trollope's book, are those in which she gives the fruits of her imagination exclusively, as in her account of the scenery of the Alleghenies between Uniontown and Hagerstown, for instance. Those portions which she intends for caricatures—such as the conversations she details, and the various accounts of manners and customs in different parts of the Union—have not the merit of being even distorted resemblances. But in her statements of what we suppose she intends to be received as facts, she is neither amusing nor instructive, for although some of them may be true, yet we know so many to be absurdly false—for instance her information that 1400 houses were built in Cincinnati in one season—that our best fruits are inferior to those of England—that opposite to this city, in Kentucky, she found majestic chestnut trees, &c., &c.—that we are induced to believe that she must have made up her book without reference to her notes or to any of the sources of information that were within her reach."

The following challenge is from the *Ithaca Journal*; we are not at present aware of all "the impossibilities" which may be effected by *indolite genius*; but should Mr. Strickland's offer pass unnoticed by the faculty, either professional—infernal—or amateur—we shall then be constrained to allow that "the force of physic can no further go."

PROCKLAYMASHUM.

Whair as, moar over, nevertheless, the selybrated Fire King is duin awl most impossibull feats in swallowin hot stuffs, catin red hot sno bawls, tu the astonishment o' awl koo seas him—This is to let fox no eye kan beet him, un if evry body will cum whair eye B, ile swaller the follerin artykles, about as quick az Mammy Weed cood eat a red hot jonny kake. Fore hogsis bilin hot sope, red hot knobars by the acur, red hot potash by the tun, seven stembotes, passengers and awl—4ty bob sleds, wun spinnen jiny, 60 red hot Anti-Masons, 90 live skunks, wun rale rode, half dozen whayl ships, wun iron foundry, tew nale factrees, 20 krabapple trees, 6 bushels bul frogs, 11 miles of the rocky mountains, 6 weeks the hottest wether in Juley, 6 barrels of gunpowder sich as kurnel slutes with, 43 live sturgins, 6 mad dogs, wun sea sarpiant, 2 dog churns, 5 saw mills, 20 bair traps all set, 6 bushels raw klams, 5 pacin hawses to settle my stumuk.—Iph enny bodde kin beet that, I guess they'll skunk them air yankees down east, und they beet awl natur.

JOE STRICKLAND, JR.

The *Liverpool (Pa.) Mercury* quotes an advertisement from the *Hingham Gazette*, in which the wuter states that he has "opened a school for young ladies. Also, a heavy wagon, which he would exchange for a cart." This, continues the Editor, reminds us of the reply of an old acquaintance of ours, a shopkeeper. He was asked by a lady if he had any white lace veils. "Why, no I havn't, but I've just got up a real lot of first chop potash kittles."

MISCELLANY.

ADVENTURES AMONG THE PIRATES.

TOM CRINGLE'S LOG—(Continued.)

The Lieutenant had been required to consent to be blindfolded. He proceeds—

"I did so with the best grace I could, and was led below, where two beauties, with loaded pistols and a drawn knife each, obliged me with their society, one seated on each side of me on the small locker, like two deputy butchers ready to operate on an unfortunate veal. It had now fallen dead calm and from what I heard I conjectured that the felucca was sweeping in towards the land with us in tow, for the sound of the surf grew louder and louder. By and by we seemed to slide beyond the long smooth swell into broken water, for the little vessel pitched sharp and suddenly, and again all was still, and we seemed to have sailed into some land-locked cove. From the loud echo of the voices on the deck, I judged that we were in a narrow canal, the banks of which were reflecting the sound; presently, this ceased, and, although we skimmed along as motionless as before, I no longer heard the splash of the felucca's sweeps; the roar of the sea gradually sank in the distance, until it sounded like thunder, and I thought we touched the ground now and then, although slightly. All at once the Spanish part of the crew, for we still had a number of the felucca's people with us, sang out, 'Palanka,' and we began to pole along a narrow marshy lagoon, coming so near the shore occasionally, that our sides were brushed by the branches of the mangrove bushes. Again the channel began to widen, and I could hear the felucca once more ply her sweeps. In about ten minutes after this the anchor was let go, and for a quarter of an hour nothing was heard on deck but the bustle of people furling sails, coiling down the ropes, and getting every thing in order, as is usual in coming into port. It was evident that several boats had boarded us soon after we anchored, as I could make out part of the greetings between the strangers and Obed, in which my own name recurred more than once. In a little while all was still again, and Obed called down the companion to my guard, that I might come on deck, a boat that I was not long in availing myself of. We were anchored nearly in the centre of a shallow swampy lagoon, about a mile across, as near as I could judge; two very large schooners heavily armed, were moored a-head of us, one on each bow, and another rather smaller by close under our stern; they had all sails bent, and every thing apparently in high order, and were full of men. The shore, to the distance of a few fathoms from the water all round us, was low, marshy, and covered with an impenetrable jungle of thick strong reeds, and wild canes, with here and there a thicket of mangroves; a little further off the land swelled into lofty hills covered to the very summit with heavy timber, but every thing had a moist, green, steamy appearance, as if it had been the region of perpetual rain. Lots of yellow fever here, thought I, as the rank smell of decayed vegetable matter came off on the faint sickly breeze, and the sluggish fig banks creep along the dull, clay-colored, motionless surface of the tepid water. The sea view was shut out. I looked all round and could discern no vestige of the entrance. Right ahead there was about a furlong of land cleared at the only spot which one could call a beach, that is, a hard shore of sand and pebbles. Had you tried to get ashore at any other point, your fate would have been that of the Master of Ravenswood; as fatal that is, without the gentility; for you would have been suffocated in black mud, in place of clean sand. There was a long shed in the centre of this cleared spot, covered in with boards, and thatched with palm leaves; it was open below, a sort of capstan-house, where a vast quantity of sails, anchors, cordage, and most kinds of sea stores were stowed, carefully covered over with tarpauling. Overhead there was a flooring laid along the couples of the roof, the whole length of the shed, forming a loft of nearly sixty feet long, divided by bulkheads into a variety of apartments, lit by small rude windows in the thatch, where the crews of the vessels, I concluded were occasionally lodged during the time they might be under repair. The boat was manned, and Obed took me ashore with him. We landed near the shed I have described, beneath which we encountered about forty of the most uncouth and ferocious looking rascals that my eyes had ever been blessed withal; they were of every shade, from the woolly Negro and long-haired Indian, to the sallow American and fair Biscayan; and as they intermitted their various occupations of mending sails, fitting and stretching rigging, splicing ropes, making spun yarn, coopers gun-carriages, grinding pikes and cutlasses, and filling cartridges, to look at me, they grinned and nodded to each other, and made sundry signs and gestures, which made me regret many a past peccadillo, that, in more prosperous times I little thought on or repeated of, and I internally prayed that I might be prepared to die as became a man, for my fate appeared to be sealed. The only ray of hope that shot into my mind, through all this gloom, came from the respect the thieves, one and all, paid the captain; and, as I had reaped the benefit of assuming an outer recklessness and daring, which I really did not at heart possess, I screwed myself up to maintain the same port still, and swaggered along, jabbering in my broken Spanish, right and left, and jesting even with the most infamous-looking scoundrels of the whole lot, while, Heaven knows, my heart was palpitating like a girl's when she is asked to be married. Obed led the way up a ladder into the loft, where we found several messes at dinner, and passed through several rooms, in which a number of ham-

mocks were slung, we at length arrived at the eastern end, which was boarded off into a room eighteen or twenty feet square, lighted by a small port-hole in the end, about ten feet from the ground. I could see several huts from this window, built just on the edge of the high wood, where some of the country people seemed to be moving about, and round which a large flock of pigs and twenty to thirty bullocks were grazing. All beyond, as far as the eye could reach, was one continuous forest, without any vestige of a living thing; not even a thin wreath of blue smoke evinced the presence of a fellow creature; I seemed to be hopelessly cut off from all succour, and my heart again died within me.

"I am sorry to say you must consider yourself a prisoner here for a few days," said Obed.

I could only groan.

"But the moment the coast is clear, I will be as good as my word, and land you at San Jago."

I groaned again. The man was moved.

"I would I could do so sooner," he continued; "but you see by how precarious a tenure I hold my control over these people; therefore I must be cautious for your sake as well as my own, or they would make little of murdering both of us, especially as the fellow who would have cut your throat this morning, has many friends amongst them; above all, I dare not leave them for any purpose for some days. I must recover my seat, in which, by the necessary severity you witnessed, I have been somewhat shaken. So good by; there is cold meat in that locker, and some claret to wash it down with. Don't, I again warn you, venture out during the afternoon or night. I will be with you betimes in the morning. So good-by so long. Your cot, you see, is ready slung." He turned to depart, when, as if recollecting himself, he stooped down and taking hold of a ring, he lifted up a trap door, from which there was a ladder leading down to the capstan-house. "I had forgotten this entrance; it will be more convenient for me in my visits."

In my heart I believe he intended this as a hint, that I should escape through the hole at some quiet opportunity; and he was descending the ladder, when he stopped and looked round greatly mortified, as it struck me. "I forgot to mention that a sentry has been placed, I don't know by whose orders, at the foot of the ladder, to whom I must give orders to fire at you, if you venture to descend. You see how the land lies; I can't help it." This was spoken in a low tone, then aloud—"There are books on that shelf behind the canvass screen; if you can settle to them, they may amuse you." He left me, and I sat down disconsolate enough. I found some Spanish books, and a volume of Lord Byron's poetry, containing the first canto of *Childe Harold*, two numbers of *Blackwood*, with several other English books and magazines, the names of the owners on all of them being carefully erased. But there was nothing else that indicated the marauding life of friend Obediah, whose apartment I conjectured was now my prison, if I except a pretty extensive assortment of arms, pistols, and cutlasses, and a range of massive cases, with iron clamps, which were ranged along one side of the room. I paid my respects to the provender and claret; the hashed chicken was particularly good; bones rather large or so, but flesh white and delicate. Had I known that I was dining upon guano, or large wood lizard, I scarcely think I would have made so hearty a meal. Long cork, No. 2, followed ditto, No. 1; and as the shades of evening, as poet's say, began to fall by the time I had finished it, I toppled quietly into my cot, and fell asleep.

It must have been towards morning, from the damp freshness of the air that came through the open window, when I was roused by the howling of a dog, a sound that always moves me. I shook myself; but before I was thoroughly awake, it ceased; it appeared to have been close under my window. I was turning to go to sleep again, when a female, in a small, suppressed voice, sung a snatch of a vulgar Port-Royal ditty.

The singer broke off suddenly, as if disturbed by the approach of some one.

"Hush, hush, you old fool!" said a man's voice in the same low whispering tone; "You will waken the drunken sentry down, when we shall all be put in iron. Hush, he will know my voice more better."

It was now clear that some one wished to attract my attention; besides, I had a dreamy recollection of having heard both the male and female voices before. I listened therefore, all alive. The man began to sing in the same low tone.

"Newfoundland dog love him master de most"

Of all de dog I ever see;

Let him starve him, and kick him, and cuff him de sorest, Difference none never makes to be."

There was a pause for a minute or two.

"It no use," the same voice continued; "him either no dere, or he won't hear us." "Stop," said the female, "stop: woman head good for something. I know who he shall hear. Here, good dog, sing psalm; good dog, sing psalm," and thereupon a long, loud, melancholy howl rose wailing through the night air. "If that be not my dear old dog Sneezer, it is a deuced good imitation of him," thought I. The woman again spoke—"Yow! little piece more, good dog," and the howl was repeated. I was now certain. By this time I had risen, and stood at the open window; but it was too dark to see any thing distinctly below. I could barely distinguish two dark figures, and what I concluded was the dog sitting on end between them.

"Who are you? what do you want with me?"

"Speak softly, massa, speak softly, or the sentry may hear us, for all de rum I give him."

Here the dog recognized me, and nearly spoiled sport altogether; indeed it might have cost us our

lives, for he began to bark and frisk about, and to leap violently against the end of the capstan house, in vain endeavors to reach the window. "Down, Sneezer, down, sir; you used to be a dog of some sense; down." But Sneezer's joy had capsize his discretion, and the sound of my voice pronouncing his name drove him mad altogether, and he bounded against the end of the shed, like a battering-ram.

"Stop, man, stop," and I held down the bight of my neck-cloth, with an end in each hand. He retired, took a noble run, and in a trice hooked his forepaws in the handkerchief, and I hauled him in at the window. "Now, Sneezer, down with you, sir, down with you, or your rampaging will get all our throats cut." He cowered at my feet, and was still as a lamb from that moment. I stepped to the window. "Now who are you, and what do you want?" said I. "Ah, massa, you no know me?" "How the devil should I? Don't you see it is as dark as pitch?" "Well, massa, I will tell you; it is me, massa." "I make no great doubt of that; but who may you be?" "Lord, you are de foolish person now; make me talk to him," said the female. "Massa, neber mind he, dat stupid fellow is my husband, and surely massa know me?" "Now, my very worthy friends, I think you may to make yourselves known to me; and if so, pray have the goodness to tell me your names, that is, if I can in any way serve you." "To be sure you can, massa; for that purpose I come here." The woman hooked the word out of his mouth. "Yes, massa, you must know me is Nancy, and dat old stupid is my husband Peter Mangrove, him who—" Here Peter chimed in—"Yes, massa, Peter Mangrove is de person you have de honor to address, and—" here he lowered his voice still more, although the dialogue from the commencement had been conducted in no higher tone than a loud whisper. "We have secured one big large canoe, near the mouth of this dam hole, which, with your help, I think we shall be able to launch too de surf; and once in smooth water, den no fear but we shall run down de coast safely before de wind till we reach St. Jago."

My heart jumped against my ribs. Here's an unexpected chance, thought I. "But Peter, how in the name of mumbo jumbo, came you here?" "Why, massa, you do forget a little, dat I am a Creole negro, and not a naked tattooed African, whose exploits, dat is de wonderful thing him neber do in him's own country, him get embroiled and picked in gunpowder on him breech; beside, I am a Christian gentleman like yourself; so dat mumbo jumbo, Massa Cringle?" I saw where I had erred. "So say I, Peter;—mumbo jumbo particularly; but how came you here, man, tell me that." "Why, massa, I was out in de Pilot-boat schooner, with my wife here, and five more hands, waiting for de outward bound, thinking no harm, when den privateer rascal catch we and carry us off. Yankee privateer had no right; but who ever hear of pilot being carry off? Blasphemy dat, carry off pilot! Who ever dream of such a ting? ever shivilized peoples respect pilot—carry off pilot?—oh Lord!" and he groined a spirit for several seconds. "And the dog?" enquired I. "Oh, massa, I could not leave him at home; and since you was good enough to board him with us, he has messed with us, ay, and left with us; and when we started last night, although he showed some dislike at going on board, I had only to say, Sneezer, we go look for your master, and he make such a bound, dat he capsize my old wam in dere, heel over head; oh dear, what display, Nancy, you was exhibit!" "Hold your tongue, Peter; you hab no decency, you old villain!"

"Well, but Peter, speak out; when are we to make the attempt? where are the rest of the crew?" "Oh dear! oh dear! dat is de worstest; oh dear!" and he began to sigh and sob like the veriest child. "Oh, massa!"—after he had somewhat recovered himself—"Oh, massa, dese people devils. Why, de make all de oder on board walk de plank, wid two ten pound shot, one at each foot. Oh, if you had seen de clear shining blue skin, as de became leetle and leetle, and more leetle down far in de clear green sea! Oh dear! oh dear! Only to tink dat each wavering black spot was fellow creature like one self, wid de heart's blood warm in his bosom at de very instant of time we lost sight of him forever!" "God bless me," said I; "and how did you escape, and the black dog, and the black—ahem—leg pardon—your wife I mean; how were you spared?" "Ah, massa! I can't say; but bad as de were, de seemed to have a liking for brute beasts, so dem save Sneezer, and my wife, and myself; we were de only quadrupeds saved out of de whole crew.—Oh dear! Oh dear!" "Well, well; I know enough now. I will spare you the pains of any further recital, Peter; so tell me what I am to do." "Stop, massa, till I see if de sentry be still sound. I know de fellow, he was one on dem; let me see!" and I heard him through the loose flooring boards walk to the foot of the trap ladder leading up to my berth. The soliloquy that followed was very curious of its kind. "The Negro had excited himself by a recapitulation of the cruelties exercised on his unfortunate shipmates, and the unwarrantable caption of himself and rib, a deed that in the nautical calendar would rank in atrocity with the murder of a herald, or the bearer of a flag of truce. He kept murmuring to himself, as he groped about in the dark for the sentry—'Catch pilot! who ever hear of such a ting? I suppose dem would have pull down light-house, if dere had been any for pull. Where is dis sentry rascal? him surely no sober yet?'"

The sentry had fallen asleep as he leant back on the ladder, and had gradually slid down into a sitting position, with his head leaning against one of the steps, as he reclined with his back towards it, thus exposing his throat and neck to the groping paw of the black pilot. "Ah—here him is, snoring heavy as my Nancy—well, drunk still; no fear of him overhearing

we—nice position him lie in—quite convenient—could cut his throat now—slice him like a pumpkin—de devil is surely busy wid me, Peter. I find de very clasp-knife in my starboard pocket begin to open of itself." I tapped on the floor with my foot. "Ah, tank you, Massa Tom—de devil nearly get we all in a scrape just now. However I see him is quite sound—de sentry dat is, for de oder never sleep, you know." He had again come under the window. "Now, Lieutenant, in two word, to-morrow night at two bells, in de middle watch, I will be here, and we shall make a start of it; will you venture, sir?" "Will I—to be sure I will; but why not now, Peter? why not now?" "Ah, massa, you no smell de day-light; near day-break already, sir. Can't make try dis night, but to-morrow night I shall be here punctual." "Very well but the dog, man? if he be found in my quarters, we shall be down, and I scarcely think he will leave me." "True enough, massa; what is to be done? De people know the dog was catch wid me, and if he found wid you, den dey suspect we communicate to-gidder. What is to be done?"

I was myself not a little perplexed, when Nancy whispered, "de dog have me sense den many Christian person. Tell him he must go wid us dis one night, no tell him dis night, else he wont; say dis one night, and dat if him dont, we shall all be dealed, try him massa." I had benefited by some extraordinary hints before now, although, well as I knew the sagacity of the poor brute, I could not venture to hope it would come up to the expectations of Mrs. Mangrove. "But I'll try"—Here Sneezer, here boy; you must go home with Peter to-night, or we shall all get into a deuced mess; so here, my boy, here is the bight of the handkerchief again, so through the window you must go; come, Sneezer, come." To my great joy and surprise, the poor dumb beast rose from where he had coiled himself at my feet, and after having actually embraced me, by putting his forepaws on my shoulders, as he stood on his hind legs, and licked my face from ear to ear, uttering a low, fondling, nuzzling sort of whine, like a nurse caressing a child, he at once leapt on the window sill, put his forepaws through the handkerchief, and was dropped to the ground again. I could immediately perceive the two dark figures of the pilot and his wife, followed by the dog, glide away as noiselessly as if they had been spirits of the night, until they were lost under the shade of the thick jungle.

I turned in, and—what will not youth and fatigue do—I fell once more fast asleep, and never opened my eyes until Obed shook me in my cot, about eight o'clock in the morning. Good morning, Lieutenant, I have sent up your breakfast, but you don't seem inclined to eat it. "Don't you believe it, my dear Obed, I have been sound asleep till this moment; only stop till I have slipped on my—those shoes, if you please. Wait—wait—that will do. Now—coffee, fish, yams, and plantains, and biscuit, white as snow, and short as—ant eggs—and—zounds! claret to finish with." "Why, Obed, you surely don't desire that I should enjoy all these delicacies in solitary blessedness?" "Why, I intend to breakfast with you, if my society be not disagreeable." "Disagreeable? not in the least—quite the contrary. That black grouper looks remarkably beautiful. Another piece of yam if you please. Shall I fill you a cup of coffee, Obed?" "For my own part, I always stow the ground tier of my cargo dry, and then take a top dressing. Write this down as an approved axiom with all thorough breakfast eaters. Why, man, you are off your feed; what are you turning up your ear for, in that incomprehensible fashion, like a duck in thunder? A little of the claret—thank you. The very best butter I have eaten out of Ireland—now, some of that Avocado pear—and as for biscuit, I never came up to it. I say, man—hillo, where are you—rouse ye out of your brown study, man." "Did you hear that, Mr. Cringle?" "Hear what?" "I heard nothing," rejoined I; "but hand me over that land crab.—Thank you—and you may send the spawl of that creeping thing along with it; that guano. I had a dislike to eating a lizard at first, but I have got over it somehow;—and a thin slice of ham, a small taste of the unclean beast, Obed—peach-fed I'll warrant!"

There was a pause. The report of a great gun came booming along, reverberated from side to side of the lagoon, the echoes growing shorter and shorter, and weaker and weaker, until they growled themselves asleep in a hollow rumble like distant thunder. "Ha, ha! Dick Gasket for a thousand! Old Blowhard has stuck in your skirts, master Obed—but Lord help us, man! let us finish our breakfast; he won't be here this half hour." I expected to see mine host's forehead lowering like a thunder-cloud from my ill timed punning; but to my surprise, his countenance exhibited more amenity than I thought had been in the nature of the beast, as he replied—"Why Lieutenant, the felucca put to sea last night, to keep a bright look-out at the mouth of our cove here. I suppose that is him overhauling some vessel." "It may be so;—hush! There's another gun—two!" Obed changed countenance at the double report. "I say Obed, the felucca did not carry more than one gun when I saw her, and she has had no time to load and fire again."

He did not answer a word, but continued with a piece of guano on the end of his fork in one hand and a cup of coffee in the other, as if he had been touched by the wand of a magician. Presently we heard one or two dropping shots, quickly thickening into a rattle of musketry. He threw down his food, picked up his hat and trundled down stairs, as if the devil had kicked him. "Pedro que hay," I could hear him say to some one below, who appeared to have arrived in great haste, for he gasped for breath—"Aqui vine la felucca, answered Pedro; 'perseguido por dos Lanchas Can-

oneras llenas de Gente.' 'Abordo entonces, Abordo todo el mundo, arma, arma, aqui vienen los Engleses, arma, arma.' And all from that instant was a regular hilloalalo. The drums on board the schooners beat to quarters, a great bell which had been slung on the fork of a tree, formerly the ornament of some goodly ship, no doubt, clanged away at a furious rate, the crews were hurrying to and fro, shouting to each other in Creole Spanish, and Yankee English, while every cannon-shot from the felucca or the boats came louder and louder, and the small arms peppered away sharper and sharper. The shouts of the men engaged, both friends and foes, were now heard, and I could hear Obed's voice on board the largest schooner, which lay tall in view from my window, giving orders, not only to his own crew, but to those of the others. I heard him distinctly sing out, after ordering them to haul upon the spring on his cable, 'Now, men, I need not tell you to fight bravely, for if you are taken, every devil of you must be hanged, so hoist away the signal,' and a small black ball flew up through the rigging, until it reached the maintopgallant-mast-head of the schooner, where it hung a moment, and in the next blew out a large black swallow-tailed flag, like a commodore's broad pennant. 'Now,' shrieked he, 'let me see who dares give in with this voucher for his honesty flying aloft!'

(To be continued.)

THE WING OF THE SKYLARK.

By Mrs. Hemans.

O! skylark, for thy voice!
Thou art of joy and light,
Thou singest so and sing
At Heaven's appointed height!
With the heavenly hills beneath me,
Where the streams in glory spring,
And the purely elastic breath
Of skylark! on thy wing!

Free, free from earth-born fear,
I would range the blessed sky,
Through the blue ethereal air,
Where the low mists cannot rise!
And unobscured become majestic
From my childhood's heart the spirit springs,
Like the bright sun's vernal beams,
And wanders on thy wing.

But ah! the sweet song,
That rapt the heart is spun,
From gentle tones and words,
And kind eyes that make our soul
To some low sweet note returning,
How soon my love would bring,
There, there the dew of morning,
O! skylark! on thy wing!

MEANS FOR ATTAINING WEALTH.

"There lived once, at Marseilles, a rich merchant, who received one morning, through the hands of a young man, a letter strongly recommending the bearer to his notice; the young man was of good fortune, and wanted only an introduction to society; he brought also a letter of credit to a large amount. The merchant, after having read the letter of recommendation, instead of either throwing it aside as waste paper, or shutting it up in a drawer, examined it, and finding that it covered one only of the four sides of the sheet, tore it in two, placed the written half in a leaf of his portfolio, and then, folding the other half, so that it would serve for writing a note, put it into another portfolio which already contained a number of similar papers. Having completed his little measure of economy, he turned towards the young man, and invited him to dinner for that very day. The youth, accustomed to a life of elegance and luxury, felt but little inclination for dining with a man who could thus appropriate the privileges of the chiffonier, by depriving him of his waste paper; he accepted the invitation, however, and promised to return at four o'clock. But as he descended the narrow staircase from the counting-house of his banker, his mind rapidly reverted to the observations he had made upon that small gloomy room, with the two long offices which led to it, encumbered with ledgers that were half smothered in dust and smoke, and where ten or a dozen young persons were working in silence, whose faces appeared to his jaundiced eyes like perfect skeletons. He thought of the windows plastered with a thick coat of mud, through which no ray of the beautiful sun of Provence could ever penetrate; the little box of wood, filled with saw-dust, to serve for powder, the broken writing desk, the dressing-gown of the banker; and all these recollections rushing at once upon his mind, produced the reflection, 'I have done a foolish thing in accepting this invitation; but no matter, a day is soon passed.' The duties of the banker were discharged rather for his own satisfaction than in compliment to the host who expected him; and that done, he proceeded to the street of Rome, where his banker's house was situated. As the latter had told him his wife did not live in the part of the mansion occupied by the counting-house, he begged on arriving to be conducted to the lady. A number of valets in rich liveries led him across a small garden, filled with rare and exotic plants, and after conducting him through several apartments sumptuously furnished, introduced him to a handsome drawing-room, where he found his banker, who presented him to his wife and mother; the former was young and pretty, the latter not yet old, and both were dressed in rich stuffs, and adorned with fine pearls and sparkling diamonds, which attested the wealth of the host and laborious head of the family; he himself was no longer the personage his guest had seen in the morning; he seemed to have left behind, amongst the dusty ledgers and portfolios, the man of the black velvet cap and woollen dressing-gown; while the man-

ners and conversation of fifteen or twenty visitors, who were assembled in the drawing-room, led to the inference that his house was one of the best, if not the very best in the city. Dinner was served, and the young stranger became convinced that it was so. The viands were excellent, the wines exquisite, the table covered with an abundance of massy silver plate; in short, the young traveller was obliged mentally to admit, that he had never partaken of more delicate fare, or seen a greater display of magnificence; and he was more than ever confounded upon ascertaining from one of the persons near him, that the banker gave a similar entertainment twice a week. While coffee was serving, he ruminated on all that he had witnessed; but his young ideas had to arrange themselves into that mutual dependence of cause and effect which would easily have brought the whole to the level of his understanding. 'Young man,' said his host, tapping him on the shoulder, 'you are absent, and almost pensive, have you made a bad dinner?' But the expression of his eyes and the inflexion of his voice in pronouncing these words seemed to mean: 'Has not your fear of a bad dinner yet vanished?' The young man blushed, as if he had really heard the latter sentence; but the good financier understood his blush, and laughing said, 'No offence, you are too young to understand how masses are formed, the true and only power; whether composed of money, water, or men, it is all alike. A mass is an immense centre of motion, but it must be begun, it must be kept up. Young man, the little bits of paper which excited your derision this morning, are one among the means I employ for attaining it.' 'A fine story this, that you have been telling us, Bonaparte,' said Josephine, smiling; 'to me the most marvellous part of it is, that you have been speaking for a quarter of an hour together, and that to women only.' 'I did not forget that, I assure you,' replied he, winking to us; 'do you think I should have preached in the same way to men?' They never require it. I was much struck afterwards by this idea of masses as the foundation of power.'—*Mad. Junot.*

ACCURACY OF THE FRENCH POLICE.

"This story reminds me of another and very amusing one respecting M. de Sartines. He had a friend for whom he entertained a fraternal attachment. Such friendships are sometimes dangerous; but he this as it may, his affection was as warm as two compatriots might be supposed to entertain for each other in Monmouth, with no other civilized being near. His friend, on the other hand, thought it advisable to play the Monmouthian in earnest, but in quite a different sense, as will presently appear. One day, in the course of conversation, the friend said, 'The police is a fine thing, to be sure! I am sure nothing useful ever comes to your knowledge; you learn only what you are intended to know.' M. de Sartines grew angry. To doubt the alertness of his myrmidons was to dispute his omnipotence; for his credit at Versailles rested entirely on their unparalleled ingenuity in tracing the most difficult clues. He asked his friend in a tone of defiance, whether he would not be much astonished to hear the most circumstantial detail of every thing he had done and said for a whole week. A secret reflection made the latter smile at the proposal. 'Well, let us try,' said he; 'I consent; but I wager a hundred louis that your bounds are at fault; and remember, all you may accomplish will stand for nothing if a single hour is unaccounted for.' 'That is a matter of course,' said M. de Sartines. The two friends shook hands upon it, and the execution of the enterprise was to commence the next day. On the second morning, the scout who was charged with watching the friend, and whose new surveillance allowed a holiday to the pickpockets and cut purses of Paris, made his appearance before M. de Sartines and delivered his report; which specified that the party had risen at nine o'clock, had put on his slippers and dressing gown, had sneezed, yawned, and coughed for a quarter of an hour, then had taken chocolate, read the *Mercur de France* and one of Freron's bulletins; had written a note, but it was not known to whom, because he had instantly put it into his pocket, where even an emissary of police could not follow; but it was a love-letter, that was ascertained, for the paper was perfumed, and the note folded in a particular manner. It was decidedly a love-letter. After this the friend had walked to the Tuileries, taken a few turns on the river terrace, then walked three times up and down a certain portion of the centre alley; had saluted Mademoiselle Arnould three times, Madame Dugazon once, Mademoiselle Gausin twice; then had dined at M. Le Premier's, because one cannot stay in the garden for ever saluting one's friends, however charming. After dinner he had been Madame Le Premier's partner at cribbage, had won eight louis, and nobly lost them again at quinqué. After this, he had been to the Opera, had directed his glass to all the boxes and scrutinized all the ladies—one especially. After the Opera he had supped with M. de Sartines; it appeared, said the report, that he must have made an indifferent dinner, for he supped like a half-famished man: he ate of five or six dishes, and to do the spy justice, M. de Sartines found the delicacies of his table scrupulously recapitulated. But, Monseigneur, said the last lines of the report, my comrades and I found it equally impossible to discover what became of M. de — on leaving your hotel; his carriage drove with such rapidity that no human being could keep pace with it. 'What, wretch!' exclaimed M. de Sartines, 'you have been wearying me to death these two hours with insipid details about slippers and dressing-gowns, and eating; and then you lose

the scent at the very moment it should be most acute. Take care that you succeed better to-morrow; I must know how every moment of M. de —'s time is employed.' 'My dear friend,' said he, the next day, 'I have heard news of you, as I will prove at the end of the week. Ah! ah! ah! This is the way you proceed! stay, I will give you a bit of friendly advice: do not seek the company of actresses so much. Yesterday, at the Tuileries, you were seen with the most fascinating ones; I do not like to see you the dupe of such infatuation;—and afterwards at the Opera! Take my advice, choose better company. The real pleasures of the heart are not to be met with in so low a sphere. You understand me.' 'Yes, indeed,' answered his friend, 'and so much the more readily, that I have not waited to receive your advice before I followed it.' 'Really?' said M. de Sartines, with a look of surprise. 'Really, yes.' 'Then you will make me your confidant?' 'Certainly not; it is your part to find out all you want to know; I am mute.' M. de Sartines, whose curiosity was excited by his friend's expression, awaited with still greater impatience the next day's report; but was again disappointed. The slippers, the dressing-gown, the chocolate, all appeared in their turn; but from midnight to one o'clock M. de — disappeared, as if by enchantment, and no trace of him could by any means be found. M. de Sartines flew into a passion and told his scouts: 'I discharge you all, unless you bring me to-morrow such a report as I have required.' The good people thus menaced looked at each other as they left their master's cabinet. 'What is to be done?' said one to the leader. 'There is no alternative,' replied he, and communicated his plan. The following morning M. de — had just put on his slippers, and thrust his arms into the sleeves of the dressing-gown so well described in the informer's reports, and was about to seat himself before a cup of that smoking and savoury coffee, the precise quality of which had been recited; his lips had just relaxed into a triumphant smile of roguish malice, when his valet announced three men who were earnestly desirous to see him; 'they begged,' said the valet, 'as a particular favour, to be admitted.' M. de — was not inaccessible; he ordered that they should be introduced, and then sent away his valet. 'M. le Comte,' said the chief of the party, in a supplicating accent, 'you would not deprive brave men, all fathers of families, of their subsistence. We come to beg you will save our lives; for if we are dismissed from our vocation, we shall no longer have bread, and no resource will be left us, but to hang or drown ourselves.' So saying, all three threw themselves on their knees. 'My good friends,' cried M. de — hastening to raise them; 'for Heaven's sake what is the matter with you? How can I influence your fate? I do not understand you.' 'Alas! your wager with M. de Sartines is the matter in question; we are to inform him of your proceedings from minute to minute. We are fully acquainted with them—but—' M. de — began to unriddle the mystery. 'But, you understand, M. le Comte, it is impossible we can say that you are visiting Madame de Sartines at the hours when we are compelled to pretend that we lose sight of you; and yet we must speak. Either permit us to invent a falsehood, or change your direction.' M. de — looked at the chief speaker, and smiled. 'Thou art a clever fellow,' said he, throwing him a purse filled with gold. 'There, divide that with thy comrades—I lose my wager.' He tried their discretion no further, as may be supposed, but admitted the accuracy of their next report, and acknowledged himself vanquished; while M. de Sartines, rubbing his hands, repeated, 'I was confident of it! how could you think, my dear fellow, that any thing could be concealed from a lieutenant-general of police?'—*ib.*

NEWSPAPER REPORTING.

The system of Parliamentary reporting has been carried to a degree of accuracy, of which those who knew it twenty or thirty years ago could hardly have supposed it susceptible; but it is still far from having reached perfection; nor do we look upon any very near approach to perfection as at all attainable by the means and appliances that an ordinary newspaper can bring to the task. The two great obstacles which stand in the way of accurate reporting, in a daily journal, are its limited space, and the limited time in which that space must be filled. Taking the largest, or that which from the size of its type, contains the greatest quantity of matter, the *Times*—that journal, which consists of twenty-four columns, is capable of printing no more than six or seven hours debate, if the entire debate be given; the usual allowance being a column for each quarter of an hour of a continuous speech. Now the House of Commons meets at four o'clock in the afternoon; and for four nights of the week, it sits, on an average, till two o'clock in the morning. The House of Lords meets at five o'clock, and for four nights of the week, in the busy time of the session, sits until eight o'clock. Here are about thirteen hours, six or seven of which cannot be reported at all. But this calculation proceeds on the supposition of the twenty-four columns being devoted entirely to debate. For the most part, however, it is not possible to devote more than the half of that number to parliamentary reports; and if we assume twelve columns as the average, we shall be over rather than under the mark. Thus, twelve parts out of fifty-two—or a little more than one-fifth of the debate—is the utmost for which even the largest newspaper can find room. Again, it takes about two hours to extend the notes of a quarter of an hour; a speech of three quarters of an hour will therefore take six hours to write it fairly out. Suppose such a speech to finish at two o'clock, the ordina-

ry hour of the Commons rising, it would not be possible to publish it before ten o'clock at the earliest—that is, six hours after the usual hour of going to press. The *Times*, relying on its high character, can afford to delay publication on extraordinary occasions; but even the *Times* cannot do so habitually. The consequence is, that of the whole debate on an average four-fifths must be sacrificed; and in nearly every instance, the latest portion must be sacrificed altogether. The less mind a mere reporter exercises—the nearer he approaches to a steam engine—the more perfect he is. But, to a daily paper, it is evident such perfection is utterly unsuited; and accordingly, a reporter there must combine qualities which rarely fall to any one's lot. He must be well informed on all subjects of public discussion; well educated; extensively read; above all, he must be clear-headed, and possessed in a high degree of that tact by which the essentials of an argument and the more felicitous parts of an illustration are at once separated from what is accidental or superfluous; and to all these qualities—which would make a good member instead of a good reporter—he must add a mechanical facility in note-taking, to which for the most part it will require years to attain. Looking to the average capacity of human nature, it is no imputation on reporters—who, taken as a whole, are a most responsible, intelligent, and laborious class of men—to say, that not only do some of them fall far short of the standard of perfection in their art, but that very few of them at all approach it. And yet, not only does the system of reporting require that a large discretion be given to men who may be, from their defects of education and of natural talent, wholly inadequate to its judicious exercise, but it will often happen, in so large a body, that there are serious impediments of a moral as well as of an intellectual kind. It has been asserted that the Roman Catholic question was carried by means of the undue prominence which was given to it by the Irish reporters, whenever it was made the subject of allusion or discussion. This is a pleasant exaggeration; but we believe it to be a fact, that there was a disinclination to report certain advocates of the anti-concession side, and that among others, Sir Robert Inglis was, to use the technical phrase, regularly cut. It may seem strange to the uninitiated, how, with such a number and diversity of reporting establishments, this could be done—how, because one man chose to neglect a speaker, another should do the same. It would occupy too much space to describe the cause of this minutely; but we may just remark, that there are always one or two reporters in the gallery, to whom the rest look up, and from whom the cue is taken with respect to what speeches are to be given at length, what are to be given shortly and what are not to be given at all; and that this understood rule, though not without its use when honestly acted upon, may be employed by a dishonest leader, either to cloak his business, or to indulge his dislike to individuals or their opinions. It is, however, more generally abused in favour of national biases than personal predilection.—*Lord. Spect.*

FETE AT THE MARQUIS OF HERTFORD'S.—The following are extracts from the notice of this magnificent entertainment.

"The splendour of the Marquis of Hertford's Ball, in the Regent's Park, precludes all description. The whole suite of rooms from the Conservatory, running in a direct line, were thrown open, leading to the magnificent and spacious Ball-room, and thence by a flight of steps, to the equally spacious Supper-room, from which eminence the *coup d'œil* of the animated scene all around, was beautiful in the extreme. *

"Through the trees might be discerned a large ball of fire, resembling the sun casting its golden rays through the beautiful conservatories, and on the fountain that was playing within. *

"A distinct part was arranged in the centre of the Supper-room, for the Members of the Royal Family, who seemed to be much delighted; entering very familiarly into conversation with various individuals of distinction; but they did not stop sufficiently late to partake of any refreshment. The 'little circle' of distinction was then opened for the rest of the company; the beautiful Miss Strachan taking the lead. *

"The spaciousness of the Supper-room, which contained every luxury imaginable, notwithstanding the numerous company, afforded every body an opportunity of getting refreshment, without the inconvenience of a crowd so usually attending other Supper-rooms. At about three o'clock, there was a general call for reels and country-dances; the latter were first danced, and in true English style, forming two rows the whole length of the ball-room. Reels now succeeded, and were danced with great spirit. *

"The whole range of apartments presented one blaze of light and splendour; and the evening being fine, the grounds to the verge of the lake were brilliantly illuminated. The company began to assemble about ten o'clock, and before eleven there were six hundred persons, many of them of the highest rank in the country, including the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland. At intervals there was a display of fireworks on the lawn, in every variety of form. The supper was served upon a large table in the centre of the principal room, to thirty or forty at a time. It was cold, and consisted of every possible variety, both native and exotic. The table was constantly replenished, until all the company had amply regaled themselves with most delicious viands. The noble and hospitable Marquis, notwithstanding his lameness, arising from gout, contrived to be every where,—paying the greatest possible attention, and administering to the comforts or luxuries of his guests. The sun

began to shine upon the surface of the lake before the whole of the company had taken their departure. * *

"The harmony of the fête was disturbed about one o'clock on Wednesday morning, by a sudden illness attacking the Marchioness of Londonderry, who was conveyed in the arms of her Lord to a sofa in the Library, and on her Ladyship's recovering, she was conveyed to a carriage and taken home. Medical aid was called in, and we are happy to state that the cause for alarm has ceased. * *

"As soon as the Duchess of Cumberland had taken her seat in the hall-room, the Duke of Wellington advanced, bent, and kissed her Royal Highness's hand."

THE CONSTELLATION.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 29, 1872

AMERICAN POETS.

We observe, in the Philadelphia Album, an article, in which the poets of this country—or rather the *rhymsters*, for the author of this precious morcean of criticism, denies that we have, or ever have had any poets—are spoken of in a spirit of such palpable fault-finding, and so unjustly withal, that we cannot refrain from giving it a passing notice. It is a duty, indeed, incumbent upon the press of America to guard and defend the reputation of her writers not less from these casual attacks at home, than from those more deliberate blows aimed at it from abroad. The latter, it may be thought, were now a work of supererogation; for the question so tauntingly asked a few years since, from the other side of the water—"Who reads an American work?" has been abundantly answered by the clear and favourable opinion which has more recently been expressed through foreign journals of our literary productions, and by the decided reputation in which those works are now almost universally held abroad. The character of our literature has been simply redeemed by an Irving, a Cooper, a Bryant, a Sprague, and a Halleck—and we cannot but think that our Philadelphia reviewer is most unfortunate in the expression of his cavils against our poets, at a time when their productions are receiving the approval of almost every foreign reviewer, which are little inclined to show us any favour, and from which, if we receive praise, we may be pretty sure it is because we deserve it. But our Philadelphia critic thinks otherwise—he looks with jaundiced eyes upon the fair fame of our poets—he says that we have never produced a *great* poet—that we have no poem to be placed in comparison with the "Pleasures of Hope," "Lalla Rookh," "The Corsair," or a hundred of other productions from the other side of the water. He admits that Bryant has written some "pretty little" poems—that Halleck's productions are neat and creditable performances, and that Sprague, Percival, Wallis and others can write very clever *verses*—but declares that they are no poets—not a mother's son of them—that their works do not deserve a place in the library of any classical scholar or man of sound taste, and that the name of neither of them will go down to other ages with applause.

Such is a summary of the opinions expressed in the article in question, on the subject of American poets. "The head and front of their offending," in the eyes of our reviewer, "has this extent—no more"—that they have never written a *lengthy* poem. He seems to estimate poetry by its superficial contents, and to decide upon its merit by the number of lines and feet in a given production. Really, we congratulate the reading community of the city of brotherly love on the possession of so profound a critic! For ourselves, we confess our ignorance in supposing—as we had all along supposed—that there have been poets whose fame rested upon their minor poems, or upon a few brief verses—nay, that there were those whose fame resting upon such works alone, was of the very highest order, and the most enviable of any in the whole temple of the Muses. Such a poet we deemed the immortal Gray—his few and short works—the only gift of his heaven-born Muse—we had read with deepest pleasure, and imbued from them more glowing and intense conceptions of the charms of poetry than from many a long and elaborated production. The songs of Burns too, and the melodies of Byron and Moore, have given to us some of the sweetest draughts of true poetry—and we have been accustomed to believe that the fame of these two last poets derived from their smaller effusions, would be as imperishable as that which rested on their more extended productions.

It is these shorter poems—the songs and melodies of our poets—the wild legends—the national traditions—the description of natural beauties, which they weave into verse—it is these which "never die"—they live on every tongue—they become household words—the familiar themes of the people, and are bequeathed from sire to son, from age to age, without losing one tittle of that charm and beauty which first commended them to the hearts of their hearers. To deny that genius—that genius of the highest or-

der—is requisite to produce works of this description, which are so imperishable in their effects, is to us a new canon in the laws of criticism. Try our poets by these laws, and we venture to assert that they will hold as conspicuous a place in the ranks of poets—even if they do not in the library of our reviewer—as many of those of acknowledged reputation abroad. Take, for example, the ode written by Sprague, on the jubilee of Shakspeare, and we ask where in the whole range of English poetry, excepting only Coleridge's Ode to the Passions, is there any thing of a similar character surpassing this production? And where, too, is to be found the satirical poem, of greater finish and keenness of wit, at the same time possessing more of the ingredients of true poetry, than the poem by the same author on Curiosity? We say to our reviewer, compare these poems with those of the same class, written by English bards, and they will not suffer by the comparison. Are these poems the mere effusions of puny rhymsters, from which we are to withhold all praise? Are they destined to die with the occasions which gave them birth, and to be heard of no more after they have once been uttered by the lips which first breathed them? Most grievously are we deceived in our estimate of these works, if they do not live long, long after our day and the day of our reviewer, even if in his opinion they be "not great productions, and do not show extraordinary mind, or a wonderful gift of inspiration." We might instance likewise those beautiful lines to a Waterfowl, by Bryant, which the poet, Campbell, repeated at a public literary dinner not long since in London, with remarks of the most complimentary character to their to him unknown author, and which our Irving, at the same dinner, felt himself proud to acknowledge as the production of a countryman—we forbear citing these lines in vindication of our poets, for our reviewer seems to be ignorant of these facts, and asks of Bryant, "What has he ever written?" In truth, we fear that he has never read this, or any of the productions of this author, though he alludes to some of them by name—he probably was deterred from entering on so painful a task by the comparative levity of the "pretty little verses"—they wanted, in his estimation, that necessary qualification of a great poem—great length—and therefore he would none of them. Oh no! his mind is engaged on greater works—on loftier themes and more magnificent subjects. He must have great poems—he must dine on epics and sup on cantos—then only can he feel satisfied with the feast.

In proof of the position that we have no great poets, and have never had any, our reviewer says, "let any one of correct taste turn to Kettle's specimens of American poetry, three large volumes published in 1820, and embracing within their pages all that has ever appeared of American poetry deserving of mention, and he will be disgusted rather than delighted with the productions of our sons of song." Indeed, Mr. Reviewer! Can this be true? If one should chance not to be disgusted with every thing deserving of mention as American poetry, must he forfeit all pretensions to correct taste? Really, we know not which most to admire, the modest pretensions which you set up to literary acumen, or the unqualified contempt with which you regard every thing of American origin. But you must allow us to correct a mistake or two of yours on this subject. You say that when Mr. Kettle compiled these volumes, he did so with an express design of collecting all that was worthy of notice in this department of literature. Now, so far was this from being the case, it was stated, if we recollect aright, to be the object of the compiler to bring together specimens only of American poetry—it was not designed to make a selection of beauties of American poetry—still less to publish all that was worthy the name of poetry. You say, too, that the book fell still-born from the press, and that it has never been republished in this or any other country. That the book accomplished what it proposed to do, we fearlessly assert, and if it be not found in your own library, we can point to the libraries of many classical scholars and men of sound taste, in which it holds a place, and a conspicuous place. We will add, sir, for your information, that the work has been reprinted in London—but our limits forbid our saying more at present, though we may resume the subject hereafter.

TALES AND NOVELS, by Maria Edgeworth. The Messrs. Harpers are publishing an edition of the works of this enchanting writer—excepting only the more juvenile tales.

The first volume, just issued, contains Castle Rackrent, Irish Bulls, Self Justification, and the Moral Tales. It is printed on fine paper, and embellished with two handsome steel engravings. The whole will be complete in nine volumes, giving the contents of eighteen volumes of the English edition.

The writings of Miss Edgeworth need not our praise. The felicity of conception, beauty of style, and moral tendency of the tales of this sweet writer,

have placed her productions among those standard works which should be found in every library.

ADVICE IN THE PURSUITS OF LITERATURE, by Samuel L. Knapp. This is the title of a neat volume, issued last week, by J. K. PORTER, 144 Fulton-street. The objects of the author, who is favorably known in the walks of Literature, is to advise those who have a taste for reading, but have not a favorable opportunity of making a judicious selection of authors—in a course best calculated to improve their taste. The work is dedicated to the members of the Mercantile Library. Its plan, agreeable style, and valuable selections from the works of the best Poets, are calculated to render it popular and very saleable.

The following extract from the first chapter is beautiful in thought and expression:

"In our course of training the mind, we should look back, as well as go forward; we should make ourselves masters of the past ages of knowledge, as well as possessors of the floods of light which are now pouring in upon us. I glory in seeing colleges arise, and the corner-stones of universities laid; but these institutions alone will never make a literary people of us. This great object can only be effected by enlightening the community at large. There were no great artists in Greece or Italy until a good taste was generally diffused among them. To bring us to a high standard of literature, female enthusiasm and taste must be brought in aid of the cause. Letters must, before that day comes, take the place of a thousand trifling amusements that now fill up the measure of time that can be spared from important duties. These portions of time, even if they are mere shreds, may, by no good and perseverance, be made up into something of importance. The good housewife, by carefully saving the shreds as she makes up her family wardrobe, and by securing some of her leisure hours in sewing them together, is soon ready for a quilting-match—a union of industry and amusement. Then starts in the frame a variegated patch-work of a thousand pieces, of all hues—a comforter in the cold and storms of wintry times—a thing to be liked, in the industry of her who made it, and in the gratitude of those made happy by its warmth.

Literature, to have its full effect, must be generally diffused. It must not be confined to any class of the community, but open to all, and encouraged by all. We must not look for the spirit of literature in the pulpit and halls of legislation, or school-rooms only; but must find it, like the sweet breeze of the summer's morn, in all our walks, and in all our household domains, passing from the library to the toilet, from the toilet to the nursery, and there kindling the eye of the mother and opening the cherub lips of the infant."

A six-foot Kentuckian was not long since travelling in the interior of Pennsylvania, when he put up for the night at a Dutch tavern, where he was excessively annoyed by those tormentors of human flesh and blood, which time out of mind have been the peculiar denizens of unclean beds. In the morning when the rest of his fellow passengers had paid their fare, our Kentuckian stepped up to the landlord, and in a voice of thunder enquired the price of beef in that vicinity.

"De price of beef?" responded the half-frightened and half-wonder-struck tavern-keeper.

"Yes, what is beef a pound in your village?"

"Why tish, let me see—tish six pence de pound."

"Here then," said the Kentuckian, "take that!"—at the same time throwing down on the counter a silver dollar.

"Dat! and vat tish dat for, Mynheer six-footer?"

"Half of it is for my bed and board—and half to purchase beef?"

"Beef for vat?"

"For the d—n hungry bugs in your beds—they came nigh eating me up alive—look here—and here—and here!"—said he, at the same time showing the bites and marks of blood on his face, arms and legs.

"Do you mean to insinuate that my beds are buggy?" said the landlord, stepping round in a great passion.

"Buggy! to be sure I do—and that you are bot one door off from being a murderer—had it been a thin consumptive fellow that had slept where I did last night, instead of me, he would have been a dead man before morning—and to guard against such a catastrophe, I make a present to you of that money—buy beef with it, and feed your bugs every night before putting any body into your beds."

The Dutchman was forced to submit to the joke—the Kentuckian all the while looking fiercely at him in the face, and keeping as cool and determined as if it was a case of life and death.

NEWSPAPERS.—The following satire is from the Boston Transcript; we believe there is more truth in it than some persons would be willing to allow; it is an annoyance even worse than borrowing, to say nothing of the paltry spirit that could stoop to such a

degradation in a country which abounds with cheap and useful papers:—

Do you take a newspaper, neighbor? "Yes." What one? "Take? egad, why I take all I can lay my hands on!"

THE DRAMA.

Park Theatre. Mr. and Miss Kemble appeared on Thursday evening of last week in *Romeo and Juliet*. We had only an opportunity of witnessing parts of two acts, but in these we were forcibly struck with the peculiar beauties in the performance of these talented strangers. The character of Juliet is not one in which the personator is likely to elicit so much applause as in many others, but there were scenes in which the chaste acting of Miss Kemble was properly appreciated. In the balcony, the innocent, confiding and affectionate girl was most admirably portrayed, while in the scene with her nurse, when the banishment of her husband is spoken of, and it is suggested that his return being impossible, she should encourage the addresses of another—we discover the strong points of Miss Kemble's acting. The tears of the lovely, broken-hearted girl, are instantaneously dried, and with the pride and scorn of an insulted wife, she orders from her presence her in whom previously she had placed her confidence. The immediate change of attitude and countenance, the loftiness of carriage, proud and scornful expression of her eyes, evidence more powerfully than words could express the workings of the mind.

Mr. Kemble's *Romeo* was all that it has been described—a model for others to fashion by. In the balcony scene were all the blandishments of love-sick youth—lacking only perhaps a little of its elasticity; and in the scene at the Friar's cell, when informed of the sentence passed upon him, the thrilling horror and despair of a young and doting husband, separated forever from the lovely being he had just espoused, was admirably given.

On Friday evening, Miss Kemble played *Lady Teazle*, and Mr. Kemble Charles Surface, in the *School for Scandal*. We were not so much gratified with Miss Kemble's performance as on the previous evenings—not that her playing was less pleasing, but that there is in Comedy less field for the display of those mental passions in which, we conceive, she particularly excels. In the scene, however, where the hypocrite cautiously discloses his view—in her *apart*—by the falling of the screen, and in the two narrations of the facts which led to it, we believe she cannot be excelled by any *Lady Teazle* of this day. In the character of Charles Surface, Mr. Kemble most admirably portrayed the gentleman, wild, thoughtless and extravagant, but honorable and generous. The acting was true to nature. In Sir Peter Teazle, our old favorite, Placide, was what he always is—good—very good. There is no actor on the boards who deserves more commendation, nor one who receives more universal plaudits, as was the case this evening from a very crowded audience. Mr. Barry was extremely good in Joseph Surface, and indeed every part in the piece was well sustained.

On Monday evening, Venice Preserved drew a very full attendance of fashionables. Miss Kemble appeared in Belvidera, and Mr. Kemble in Pierre. Here again was a field for the display of those rare attainments which Miss Kemble possesses—and we were again gratified with their exhibition. Mr. Kemble's Pierre was excellent; he looked and moved all that we can imagine in the character. Mr. Keppell's Jaffier was very fair.

Our old friend Blanchard has closed his engagement at the *Beverly*, and returned to England; he sailed in company with Mr. Tuthill, in the Packet ship Wm. Byrnes, on Saturday, for Liverpool.

It is now fully arranged that the Italian Opera Company will open at the *Richmond Hill* in the first week in October.

Miss Hughes and Mr. Horn have been giving concerts in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. They were exceedingly well received by crowded and respectable audiences.

"MR. ANDERSON AND JONATHAN."—The former gentleman, of the Park Theatre and Boston memory, has published in one of the London journals a good round tale, "with embellishments," of his reception in the U. States, and which has been copied into most of the leading journals in this country; such of our readers who may remember the Drury Lane affair with Mad. Vestris, and his pranks during his residence at Bath (England), will bear no loss to account for the spirit which has propagated such interesting "facts." To quote the language of our "learned brother" Mr. Joseph Strickland, Jr., Mr. A.'s astonishing statement "beats all natur,"—"open pen knives, and ladies combs" included.

Smoking appears to have been nearly as prevalent in the 17th century as at the present day, for among the standing orders of the House of Commons, issued

about the year 1650, is the following:—"Ordered that no member of the House do presume to smoke tobacco in the gallery or at the table of the House, sitting as Committees."

"Think of this when you smoke Tobacco!"
Old Song.

That talented artist, Geo. Cooke, Esq. of Virginia, has designed and executed a large and fine picture, representing the landing in that State, in 1619, of the young ladies who then came out from England for husbands. The picture exhibits a view of the mart, with groups of female candidates, and the young men selecting their brides, and bidding for them in tobacco. Mr. Yeardley presides in his official capacity as Governor, to detect any imposition.—We learn that a copy is to be taken, and engravings are proposed to grace the annual fair in Boston.

SPIDERS AND SILK-WORMS.—The thread of the latter is so small, that many folds are twisted together to form our finest sewing thread; but that of the spider is smaller still, for, according to the calculations of modern naturalists two drachms of it by weight would reach from London to Edinburgh, or 325 miles.

IRON IN BLOOD.—This is a fact well attested by anatomists, and Good in his Book of Nature, says that the blood of about forty men contains iron enough to make a good ploughshare, and which might easily be extracted from it, reduced to a metallic substance, and wrought into such an instrument.

A Yankee Trick.—Jonathan had grown tired of sweating for his father, because, to use his own words, he "did not get nothing but cabbage and hom-pun," and as for honors, he might once have been promoted to the rank of corporal, if his star had not utterly refused to loan him his cast-off regimental; but for all his disappointed hopes, Jonathan was a shrewd personage, ready to "grub the rats" whenever occasion offered, and exceedingly ambitious of hoarding shiners which he could call his own. His pockets, however, never held the weight of a single hip which did not, some how or other, find its way into the family locker. He therefore broke his allegiance with the "old man," begged three and sixpence from his grandfather, and journeyed westward. Fortune adopted him as her own, and he soon fell in with a Dutchman, whose finer man borrowed his vivacity from the cater, which rained somewhere between the Palstaff and Turtle soup fashions, multiplying, as years multiply, to the former, and indicating absence of thought in proportion to his corporeal rotundity. Michael Van Hugenoeck gifted presently eight foot Flemish. His words were slow and emphatic; his movements deliberate to a rhythm; and he made it his chief boast that he never had been cheated.

Jonathan learned at an inn, that Michael had a snug but untenant farm in a distant county, and after unending sordid inquiries touching Mynheer, returned to his homestead, and offered to take the untenant farm "at the halves." To this proposition Michael agreed, adding a condition that he should have the tops and Jonathan the bottoms of all that was raised. Jonathan retired to his new abode to make the best of his bargain, and Michael to his pipe, chuckling in his adroitness in over-reaching the Yankee. Time brought harvest, and with it Michael to demand his rent. The season was propitious, and Jonathan gathered abundance. Will you take your half now, sir? Yaw, replied Michael. Jonathan pointed to a large pile of tops; the bottoms were—potatoes. The truth suddenly flashed upon Michael's understanding; but it was too late to grumble; there was the bargain, and these were his tops. "Thinking still to come round the Yankee, he rented his farm to him a second year, conditioning at the expiration for all the bottoms. Another year elapsed, and Michael appeared to claim the bottoms, but Jonathan had planted nothing but wheat. "Mise Got!" exclaimed Mynheer, "te tam Yankee gets to tops and te bottoms; put I will have ten bote myself next year." At the close of the next year came Michael with his teams, but Jonathan had decamped with the corn, leaving behind him, according to agreement, all the tops and the bottoms for his landlord.—*Apollo.*

Harry the Eighth's Rosary.—The Duke of Devonshire has in his possession the Rosary worn by Henry the Eighth. Upon the four sides of each bead are four circles, within which are carved groups; the subject of each group being taken from a chapter in the Bible. Nothing can surpass the exquisite beauty of the workmanship of this relic of other days. Every figure is perfect in spite of the extreme minuteness of their size; and the whole is from the design of that great master, Holbein, who has painted Henry in these identical beads. The Rosary is ingeniously preserved from injury, while it is exhibited to full view, from being suspended within a bell glass.

Expensive Habit.—There is at present living in Anderson walk an old man, in excellent health, who has drunk, on an average a mitchkin of whiskey every day for 56 years, making in all 2537 gallons, which, at the rate of 8s. per gallon,

amounts to 10212. 10s. He is a very early riser, and may be seen going his rounds every morning about 5 o'clock.—*Glasgow Free Press.*

Why is a "popular newspaper" like a tradesman's bill? Because it is made up of items.

When should you apply a sovereign remedy to your tooth? When it is a King.

Why are Adam and Eve the oldest sugar planters? Because they were the first to raise Cain.

Why is a tear shed in secret like a ship? Because it's a private-ear.

LOUIS XIV.—THE KING—THE MAN.

Concerning Louis the Fourteenth himself, the world seems at last to have formed a correct judgment. He was not a great general; he was not a great statesman; but he was, in one sense of the words, a great king. Never was there so consummate a master of what our James the First would have called king craft,—of all those arts which most advantageously display the merits of a prince, and most completely hide his defects. Though his internal administration was bad,—though the military triumphs which gave splendor to the early part of his reign were not achieved by himself,—though his later years were crowded with defeats and humiliations,—though he was so ignorant that he scarcely understood the Latin of his mass-book,—though he felt under the control of a cunning Jesuit and of a more cunning old woman,—he succeeded in passing himself off on his people as a being above humanity. And this is the more extraordinary, because he did not seclude himself from the public gaze like those Oriental despots whose faces are never seen, and whose very names it is a crime to pronounce lightly. It has been said that no man is a hero to his valet;—and all the world saw as much of Louis the Fourteenth as his valet could see. Five hundred people assembled to see him drive and put on his breeches in the morning. He then knelt down at the side of his bed and said his prayer, while the whole assembly awaited the end in solemn silence,—the ecclesiastics on their knees, and the laymen with their hats before their faces. He walked about his gardens with a train of two hundred courtiers at his heels. All Versailles came to see him dine and sup. He was put to bed at night in the midst of a crowd as great as that which had met to see him rise in the morning. He took his very enemies in state, and vanquished magnificently in the presence of all the *grands* and *petits seigneurs*. Yet though he constantly exposed himself to the public gaze in situations in which it is scarcely possible for any man to preserve much personal dignity, he to the last impressed those who surrounded him with the deepest awe and reverence. The illusion which he produced on his worshippers can be compared only to those situations to which lovers are proverbially subject during the season of courtship. It was an illusion which affected even the senses. The contemporaries of Louis thought him tall. Voltaire, who might have seen him, and who had lived with some of the most distinguished members of his court, speaks repeatedly of his majestic stature. Yet it is as certain as any fact can be, that he was rather below than above the middle size. He had, it seems, a way of holding himself, a way of walking, a way of swelling his chest and rearing his head, which deceived the eyes of the multitude. Eighty years after his death, the royal cemetery was violated by the revolutionists; his coffin was opened; his body was dragged out; and it appeared that the prince, whose majestic figure had been so long and loudly extolled, was in truth a little man. That fine expression of Juvenal is singularly applicable, both in its literal and in its metaphorical sense, to Louis the Fourteenth.

—Monsieur l'abbé.

Quantum sit hominum corpusculum.

His person and his government have had the same fate. He had the art of making both appear grand and august, in spite of the clearest evidence that both were below the ordinary standard. Death and time have exposed both the deceptions. The body of the great King has been measured more justly than it was measured by the courtiers who were afraid to look above his shoe-tie. His public character has been scrutinized by men free from the hopes and fears of Boileau and Molière. In the grave, the most majestic of princes is only five feet eight. In history, the hero and the politician dwindles into a vain and feeble tyrant,—the slave of priests and women,—little in war,—little in government,—little in every thing but the art of simulating greatness.

He left to his infant successor a famished and miserable people, a beaten and humbled army, provinces turned into deserts by misgovernment and persecution, factions dividing the court, a schism raging in the church, an immense debt, an empty treasury, immeasurable palaces, an innumerable household, inestimable jewels and furniture. All the sap and nutriment of the state seemed to have been drawn to feed one bloated and unwholesome excrescence. The nation was withered. The court was morbidly flourishing. Yet it does not appear that the associations which attached the people to the monarchy had lost strength during his reign. He had neglected or sacrificed their dearest interests; but he had struck their imaginations. The very things which ought to have made him most unpopular,—the prodigies of luxury and magnificence

* Even M. de Chateaubriand, to whom, we should have thought, all the Bourbons would have seemed at least six feet high, admits this fact. "C'est une erreur," says he, in his strange memoirs of the Duke of Berry, "de croire que Louis XIV. étoit d'une haute stature. Une encreuse qui nous reste de lui, et les exhumations de St. Denis, n'ont laissé sur ce point aucun doute."

with which his person was surrounded, while, beyond the inclosure of his parks, nothing was to be seen but starvation and despair,—seemed to increase the respectful attachment which his subjects felt for him. That government exists only for the good of the people, appears to be the most obvious and simple of all truths. Yet history proves that it is one of the most recondite. We can scarcely wonder that it should be so seldom present to the minds of rulers, when we see how slowly, and through how much suffering, nations arrive at the knowledge of it.—*Edinb. Rev.*

THE DUKE OF REICHSSTADT.

The London Sun thus remarks on the decease of this only son of Napoleon.

Young Napoleon, who died on the 23d ult. was born on the 20th March, 1811, and consequently was in his 23d year at the time of his death. Shortly after his birth he was created by his father King of Rome. He was deified by the French, and regarded as the heir of the "Man of the Age," and the future Sovereign, not only of France and Italy, but of nearly the whole of continental Europe. His father was then in the very zenith of his power, and naturally felt great joy at the birth of a son, to whom he might transmit his titles and vast dominions, and who should perpetuate his family among the sovereigns of Europe. But two years more, and his army, which constituted his chief power, was destroyed in Russia—two years more, he fought his last battle at Waterloo—six years after, he died an exile and prisoner on the barren island of St. Helena; and now, after a lapse of 21 years, his only son, the delight of the French people, and who was to preserve his name, and carry still further the greatness of the French arms, dies of a lingering disease, bereft of all power, and almost unnoticed by the powerful nation who were to form his vast empire. His death, in the present state of European affairs, may be regarded as hardly of the least importance. His claims to the throne of the Bourbons could have been dangerous to that family only in case of their failing to govern according to the general will of the nation; and his death, if they govern otherwise, will not render them more secure. From all accounts, he appears to have had none of the great qualities of his father, and has afforded only another instance of the frailties and sports of Nature, who so frequently humbles the great by giving them heirs hardly above mediocrity, and not unfrequently approaching to mediocrity.

LORD BROUGHAM AND SIR E. SUGDEN.—Lord Chancellor Brougham has come down on Sir Edward Sugden like a seventy-four on a cock-boat, and has well nigh overwhelmed him for ever and ever. The reader is aware that the Lord Chancellor had given notice of two bills for the amendment of certain statutes connected with the Court of Chancery, six of which were held by the second son of the Earl of Elibon, whose death we announced very recently. One of the situations held by the Hon. John Scott was that of Registrar of Chancery Affidavits, and although he had a deputy who did all the work, the law says, to the majesty of which we are all bound to bow—"where there is no principal there can be no deputy."

The Lord Chancellor very speedily acquired knowledge of this fact, upon which he called "the king of some important document," and immediately appointed his brother, as one over whom he could exercise absolute control, and that there might be no envying in future about vested rights. "This is his own account of the matter, and no reasonable man can doubt that it is true to the very letter. A member of the House of Commons was appointed to draw out the two Chancery Bills, and when that gentleman waited on Lord Brougham to inquire whether any change had occurred in his views, in consequence of the death of the hon. Mr. Scott, "he hardly (we are told,) allowed him to complete the sentence," until he re-expressed or reiterated his anxiety touching the mediated Chancery reforms, in language more pointed and emphatic than ever. But party spirit is ever watchful, and accordingly Sir Edward Sugden availed himself of the earliest opportunity of making a dead-set at the consistency of the Chancellor. Much mischief, or at all events bad feeling may lurk under a note of interrogation—the little crooked thing that asks questions—and accordingly the whole ultra Press opened full cry on the occupant of the Woolsack. From whatever cause, Sir Edward Sugden has a great dislike to the President of the Court in which he practices; this fact is generally known in London, and his attack, which was complained of in the House of Commons, was rendered still more offensive by the comments of the small portion of the Press which represents the ultra or conservative interest. But the pleader caught a tartar, if ever man did in the world. Lord Brougham's ire was fairly kindled, and forgetting, or nearly so, the suavity in mode, he gave vent to one of those bursts which a townsman, in speaking of Burns' satirical powers, characterized as "corrosive sublimity, and a blast from hell," a style of language in which he is unapproached and unapproachable. But here we must give a specimen:—

"Yes, (continued the learned Lord) I am bound to believe, nay, cannot for a moment doubt, that the learned gentleman [Sir E. Sugden] was wholly influenced by this most praiseworthy desire of information. How could I think otherwise, knowing, as I do, in common with that eminent 'high law authority,' that philosophers have long since eulogized this laudable thirst of knowledge, as the most distinguished attribute of humanity, and as the most distinguished feature of an ingenuous and lofty intellect!—(Cheers and laughter.) Yes, my Lords, we have all read, that it is this Heaven-

born thirst of information, and its condition—at least invariable concomitant—a self-disregarding and candid mind, that most distinguishes man from the crawling reptile—that most distinguishes man from the wasp that stings, and from the wasp that stings, but cannot, sting.—(Loud cheers.) Aye, distinguishes us from not only the insect that crawls and stings, but from that more powerful, because the more offensive, creature, the bug, which, powerful and offensive as it is, is, after all, but so much loathsome vermin."—(Continued cheers and laughter.)

Ebullitions of this description are probably unbefitting the dignity of the Woolsack; but it is difficult to repress talent where it really exists, and high moral pressure, unlike steam, is as yet unfurnished with anything in the shape of a safety valve. Lords London, derry, Stanhope, and others, have more than once writhed under the withering effects of the Chancellor's irony, and he may at least plead in mitigation that the warfare he wages is strictly defensive. The speech of which we have given a sample appeared in all the daily journals, and from what has taken place since, we are led to infer that the Lord Chancellor is sorry he was so far, and would have been better pleased had he practised what his friend Mr. Jeffrey calls "some chastisement of the judgment." But the reporters are at all times convenient scape-goats, and already attempts have been made in the Commons to impeach the accuracy of the Times' report. "This the 'leading journal of Europe' will by no means admit; but on the contrary advises Sir Edward to digest the report as he best may, in the following truly laudable passage:—

"Some doubt was last night thrown upon the accuracy of our report of the speech of the Lord Chancellor on Thursday night. We are not surprised that those who felt the searching power of that speech should wish to believe that it was never uttered. At all events we abide by our report. One thing is certain:—what ever the House of Commons may think of the Lord Chancellor's speech, the country, we are sure, will not find anything in it which was not completely warranted by the extraordinary provocation. As to Sir E. Sugden's declaration that 'he has lost all respect for the Lord Chancellor,' can any one read it without pity? Has he no friend to tell him that he can never be considered a fit antagonist for the Lord Chancellor? We mean not to depreciate his professional merits, but when the cock-sparrow can contend with the eagle, then may the lively dexterity and technical skill of a mere lawyer, hope to fight a successful battle with a comprehensive intellect, whose resources are as abundant as the power of using them is unequalled and prodigious!"—*Stanh. paper.*

The late Mr. Lydcker, who gave £10,000 to the Seamen's Hospital, died of cholera. His sickness was short, and when aware of his situation, and feeling the approach of death, he hastily wrote his own will. He began life as a whalebone cutter, and rising by his steady gains, he purchased shipping, and became a whale-fisherman. By his spirit and industry, and close economy, he soon found that his money made money; and, being of very small ambition in other matters, never over-indulgent to himself personally, he accumulated rapidly. He has bequeathed handsome legacies to friends and captains, to the amount of some thousands, and has made the trustees of the Floating Hospital for sick and deceased Seamen his residuary legatees.—*Liverpool, Aug. 9.*

Michigan.—A Detroit paper of the end of August congratulates its readers on the return of health since the prevalence of the Cholera, and on the extinction of alarm from the Indian tribes, and warns into consequence on the opening prospects of the territory. The writer concludes a feeling invitation to the New-Englanders to migrate thither, in these words: "Tell us not of the premium farms of Massachusetts, or of the green hills of Vermont; sicken us not with the pretty dower gardens of Rhode Island, nor amuse us with a 'basket of fruit' from Maine, but come and look at our Prairies and our Oak openings, our lakes and our unnumbered streams. Exhaust yourselves no longer in endeavors to resuscitate your wasted soil, but save your strength for a western harvest, that shall make your hearts glad, and render comfortable your latter days."

Health.—It is stated in a Virginia paper that since the Georgetown (D.C.) College first went into operation, the number of students up to this period, has been ten thousand, out of which not one single instance of death has ever occurred at the college: a remarkable exemption.

The following story comes by way of Buenos Ayres. It reported that the jewels of the Temple of the Sun, (which at the time of the conquest the natives concealed from the Spaniards,) have been lately discovered near the Cerro de Pasco. Their value has been calculated \$180,000,000.

The anniversary of American Independence, says the British Packet for July 7th, was observed this year with more than common spirit in Buenos Ayres by the citizens of the United States. At midday the U. S. vessels of war in this port fired the customary salute; and almost immediately afterwards, a salute of 21 guns in honor of the occasion was fired by the national schooner-of-war Sarandi, anchored in the inner roads, with the American flag at the fore.

A shock of an earthquake was felt in Cheshire and the island of Jersey, on Sunday morning, the 29th July, throwing all the country people in the latter into great consternation, but doing no material injury

From the Atlas,
MRS. TROLLOPE.

A good deal of our space to-day is taken with a subject that has been much before the public, in one form or other, for several months:—we refer to the distinguished work of Mrs. Trollope, on the Domestic Manners of the Americans. The nature of her ladyship's comments, on what a "rude, unmannerly" people she encountered, in her sojourn on this side of the Atlantic—how eloquently and feelingly she has sketched and pictured, literally, the annoyances of her comfort, the insults to her dignity, and the grievances of her spirit, at discovering the degenerate condition of American deportment, American politics, American education, American religion—alas! on no hearsay evidence is this sad story founded, but the lady's own reluctant experience—*queque ipso miserrima vidit*—all this is well known, and, we doubt not, duly appreciated.

Our object, therefore, is not to repeat the lady's descriptions, nor to invoke sympathy for her sufferings, nor to congratulate her on the succedaneum she has obtained therefor, from the London booksellers.

The volumes of Mrs. Trollope were first made known to the public by the authoritative declaration in her favour of the London Quarterly Review. The whole of the lesser tribe of critics followed; some on the one side, some on the other. Of their opinions, in many instances, the readers of the Atlas are informed. The sentiments of the Quarterly, though their tone is probably well understood, our readers have, however, had no direct means of ascertaining. Circumstances induced us to omit quotations at the outset, and the frequent allusions to the subject in other forms have been a sufficient reason why we have adhered to this silence. Now, however, the matter comes up afresh, and in a new light. The great literary and political rival and antagonist of the Quarterly has just spoken—in an article of much length—entitled "The Americans and their detractors," and this has afforded us an opportunity to bring before our readers, in accordance with the principles of the Atlas, the spirit of both parties in the debate. In this attempt we have endeavoured to seize, as far as we have proceeded in the task, the most prominent points of opinion, and of difference, and to place them, as nearly as could be done, in juxtaposition. This affords the best means of comparison, and the fairest view of premises. A very large part of the article in the Quarterly is made up of extracts from the harsher parts of Mrs. Trollope's production. That in the Edinburgh, having a more general aim, is almost solely an essay by the Reviewer, in which Mrs. Trollope is a prominent figure, indeed, but her volume is little quoted in the same way. Although it might display more strikingly the temper of the Quarterly to follow it in the extracts, yet the entire work of the lady traveller being now extensively read, we forego the pursuit, in order to economise our room.

With these remarks, we refer the reader to our compilation. It will be continued, should a favourable opportunity exist. We mistake, if after a perusal of the response of the Edinburgh Reviewer, the reader shall not decide that the defence of the United States is safely entrusted to his pen.

In conclusion we have a piece of news.—There is just announced in London, "The Refugee in America"—a novel, by Mrs. Trollope. None will question her ladyship's possessing a strongly developed talent for works of fiction.

THE QUARTERLY AND THE EDINBURGH REVIEWER.
QUARTERLY.

This is exactly the title-page we have long wished to see, and we rejoice to say that, now the subject has been taken up, it is handled by an English lady of sense and acuteness, who possesses very considerable power of expression, and enjoyed unusually favourable opportunities for observation. A book of travels in any country, by a person so qualified, might be considered valuable; but assuredly it was most wanted in the case of America, and especially at this moment, when so much trash and falsehood pass current respecting that 'terrestrial paradise of the west.'

We have had, at least, enough of late years of the politics of the United States, and have been sickened over and over again by the preposterous praises of those republican institutions which are to eclipse, in their national consequences, all the glories of Europe in war, in letters, and in all the graces of life. We should pass over such things with the transient, hopeless shrug of the shoulders with which we dismiss the periodical nonsense of a radical newspaper paragraph, were it not that America and her institutions are held up, not only for admiration, in this country, but very often for imitation, if not in their whole extent, at least in many particulars, respecting which the two countries are so totally dissimilar, that any political comparison between them—except for the purpose of contrast—is utterly useless. Nothing is so easy as speculating in our closets on the probable effects of any given arrangement of public affairs; and if the results of such imaginary politics were confined to the Utopias in which their ingenious authors gave them birth, we should have no objection to their theories. But when they are boldly obtruded upon the notice of the country as formulae for actual practice, we feel it our duty, not to take these speculative conclu-

sions for granted, but to turn the 'telescope of truth' to the existing facts themselves, and through the medium of an intelligent traveller's optics, 'bring life near in utter nakedness.' In this spirit we have read Mrs. Trollope's book with interest and instruction—we may add, with great amusement; for it is written with much humour, and is eminently graphic throughout,—touching, with singular skill, a vast variety of topics, which, perhaps, only a female eye could correctly appreciate, or a female pen do justice to in description.

EDINBURGH.

Many a queer picnic party has doubtless flitted across the Atlantic during the last 200 years—from principle, and for want of it; from poverty, curiosity, or romance. Among all these strolling companies, we question, however, whether one ever went out on so wild a scheme as that in which our 'heroine' figures, as part manager and part performer. This part of her case is conducted with great dexterity. No *visiting* leader could have done it better. The character in which she comes out at last, that of principal witness against a great nation, made it necessary to say something concerning herself. 'The difficulty was, how much? and with what colour? The scene opens with a matron, her son, and two daughters. On looking narrowly into the background, whom else do we discover? No Mr. Trollope, the centre of a family group, following Mr. Birkbeck for an honest livelihood to the Wabash. The party was not tempted by the New-England ballad,

'Tis I can delve and plough, love,
And you can spin and sew;
And we'll settle on the banks
Of the pleasant Ohio.'

First appears her friend, a Mr. H., who joined the Pilgrims of our Canterbury Tales, in the hope of finding a good opening in the line of historical painting at Cincinnati! This is pretty good for a beginning. After that—farewell to the virtue of common sense, whatever other discretion may be retained. By the way, can this be the artist to whose pencil we are indebted for the very clever posthouse prints, by which the letterpress is illustrated and advertised? However, a more important personage is behind. As the mist rolls away, there comes to light Miss Wright of Nashoba! The female professor, late *dance de compagnie* to La Fayette, is on her way back to her American experiments. The absurdity, in her hands and in the centre of American prejudice, of a nursery of equality for blacks as well as whites, is scarcely reconcilable with any merit but the primary one of good intentions. These prospects are made neither more reasonable nor more popular when, within a month or two, they disappear for the pump and ceremony of public lectures over the Union against Monarchy, Property, Christianity, and Marriage! Mrs. Trollope went out under the express patronage and introduction of this lady. In case she was aware beforehand of her views and opinions—we have done. On the other hand, if she, an elderly personage, was deceived in the character of her bosom friend—with what chance does she now venture on the character of a people, of whom she is evidently only acquainted with the tail? Mrs. Trollope must, on this supposition, have deceived herself. Indeed, she is even now in a monstrous delusion concerning her friend's overwhelming eloquence and appearance. Miss Wright has been throughout an enthusiast, incapable of deceiving any one. She was comparatively young, and glorying in the opinions which had already made her the talk of London and of Paris.

The party entered America by the monotonous Mississippi. Nashoba, the intended home of at least some months, turned out a desolation. The enthusiasm of our chartered chaplain, which (to say the truth) seems chiefly confined to scenery and comforts, gave way. The friends quarrelled. 'A world before her'—it is not stated, 'who the guide'—she proceeded to Cincinnati on the Ohio; thirty years ago a forest crossed only by the red man; now a rising town, with 20,000 inhabitants, and increasing at the rate of 1400 houses a year. Under these circumstances, it can just as much represent the United States, as a new flourishing part in the Orkneys would represent Great Britain. Mrs. Trollope is not explicit on the personal object of her mission to the United States. Whatever it may have been, her whole book is engrained with the bitterness of her disappointment. Her dream may have been different from that of her companions. But in her way she had evidently drunk of the same cup of rash and credulous illusion. Besides the ordinary speculation of settling her children, (which, however, can scarcely be called commonplace in such a spot,) it looks as if she had pictured to herself some fairy land of Arcadian manners and Utopian institutions. There is one brief incidental acknowledgment of a further motive, and but one. 'I had a little leaning towards sedition myself when I set out.' This is a hint, however, full of meaning. It lets us into a character rather difficult to deal with. For there is nothing so cheap, and at the same time nothing so intractable, as extremes. That a mind which the England of 1827 had diseased into sedition, should also grumble over the real America, does not at all surprise us. The lowering down to themselves the few who are above them, is, we fear, practically with many, a pleasanter sort of radicalism, than the raising up of many who are below. Accordingly, the country was not found worthy of the Master and the Miss Trollopes. She has brought them back; and has opened a quarrelsome account with a growing nation, for not corresponding to unreasonable expectations sentimentalized into republican romance.

We are sorry for the vanishing of a mother's hopes and a lady's visions. But unfortunately, our affair

with her is in the character of a witness—partly on questions of fact, and partly on questions of opinion. Upon asking, 'What went ye out for to see?' and considering the way she took of seeing it, we are convinced that she had chiefly herself to blame. A stranger lady who mortally hates personal discomforts—who so loves obsequious service, that she declares, 'on entering a slave state, 'I was immediately comfortable and at my ease'—whose passion it is to wander after prospects to hill-tops, and sit for days with an album by a waterfall, must have been sadly in the way, two years at Cincinnati. Imagine what would be an English Cincinnati—a thing the nearest like it at home, in a fresh town, rapidly clustering round a canal, a mine, or a manufactory. Then think what was to be expected in a population of thirty years' growth, brought together to that remote region from every quarter of the Union, and almost of the globe, by that necessity which tears up at the roots even man himself! We should have calculated on finding them only one step out of chaos. Boast as they well may, yet a miscellaneous assortment of stirring bodies, striving and struggling for subsistence, is, on the whole, the most that for a time they can be. For a generation or two they must consent to appear even to be falling back. They have to displace primeval forests, to do battle with the rattlesnake, to contend with and subdue nature in her last retreats. The advanced posts—the men who are to civilize the desert—must not begin by being over-civilized themselves. Our astonishment has been speechless on finding that such a spot possessed, in 1815, a Lancasterian school, a public library of 1100 volumes, four printing offices, and three weekly papers. During Mrs. Trollope's stay, Mr. Flint printed there his 'Western States,' in two vols. 8vo.; a work which would do honor to a London publisher. She speaks of two museums of natural history, a picture gallery, and an attempt by two artists at an academy of design. After this, what town in England, Scotland, or even Ireland, will turn up its nose at Cincinnati? The manners can in general only be coarse. The men can have little or no leisure. But what must be the spirit of the place! Our author begins by comparing what she had left behind in London. What must be her spirit!

Now, let us follow the march, and observe the course pursued by Mrs. Trollope. She enters the house by the back premises, and takes up her quarters for two years together in the kitchen. She 'wastes time, health, money,' and, we must add, temper, there. She gets cross with the 'helps,' and they get impatient to her. She is called 'old woman.' On this, straightway she begins to take notes of every vulgarity and ridicule which she can lay hold of in the kitchen, and in the offices adjoining, with the view of printing them as an authentic description of the people of America made upon the spot. Of the outside of the mansion which she has ventured to paint, she never saw a fifth part. In respect of its interior, the Americans are a strict and prudish people. We have to be sure, a general description of a public hall and a private dinner. So far, however, from her having been admitted into the best parlour, the friend of Miss Wright seems, during the three years and a half she stayed among them, to have hardly had an opportunity of exchanging a single word with the gentlemen and ladies of the house. Accordingly, of one of the worst offences which a traveller can commit,—a gossiping and malignant breach of hospitality,—we entirely acquit her. We have looked anxiously through her book, to see whether we can honestly acquit her of any more; but in vain. One might imagine from the tone, that her tour had been one long gauntlet of individual civilities.

QUARTERLY.

Our authoress and her party sailed for America in November, 1827, and having disembarked at New Orleans, proceeded up the large Mississippi in the steam-boat *Belvidere*, one of those wonderful floating palaces of which the Americans are never tired of talking. But our fair author does not appear to have been overwhelmed by this first specimen of transatlantic magnificence. 'Let no one,' she says, 'who wishes to receive agreeable impressions of American manners, commence their travels in a Mississippi steam-boat; for myself, it is with all sincerity I declare, that I would infinitely prefer sharing the apartment of a party of well-conditioned pigs to the being confined in its cabin.' This relates to the ladies apartment; but we spare the description of the large room and its carpet, the 'state and condition' of which she leaves us to imagine from the following sentence:—

'I hardly know any annoyance, indeed,' she continues, 'so deeply repugnant to English feelings, as the incessant, remorseless spitting of Americans. I feel that I owe my readers an apology for the repeated use of this, and several other odious words; but I cannot avoid them, without suffering the fidelity of description to escape me.'

The company in this river palace appear to have been every way suitable to the accommodations.

EDINBURGH.

A general contrast between the courtesies of England and the rudeness to which she was exposed in the stages and steam-boats of America, is more easily made and misapprehended. On this we must be allowed to make an observation. Mr. Hodgson's 'Letters from North America' is a most temperate and judicious work. The reader will find there two pages of references to the testimony of different English travellers, in favour of the hospitality and attention with which, in spite of the irritation produced by frequent calamities, they were invariably received. We could add as many more. We know a gentleman

and his wife, who were travelling in America at the same time with Mrs. Trollope, and who passed over her route. They travelled in the simplest manner. Wherever they were known to be strangers, two seats at the top of the table were constantly kept for them. Mr. Hodgson says, 'I deliberately think, that a traveller must be struck with the evidence of more good nature, and a greater spirit of accommodation in the stages here than with us, and certainly of more uniform and marked respect to female travellers, though often under the most cold and forbidding manners.' How comes it that Mrs. Trollope was made an exception? Even Captain Hall states, that he always spoke his opinion freely, and was always heard out with the most perfect good humour. Can the exception be otherwise explained than by a fact in which all travellers agree? The Americans are very ready to act upon the defensive. Mr. Vigne points at this probable reaction; and his intimation is supported by the evidence of Mr. McGregor. 'I unhesitatingly affirm, that if an Englishman be treated otherwise than with kindness, it must be his own fault.'

QUARTERLY.

There are some amusing accounts given of the 'squatters,' from whom they purchased fire-wood on the banks of the river. These miserable wretches appear to be planted on the very out-skirts of human society, and to exist, rather than to live, in the most deplorable state of poverty. They are generally cheerful, however, and would accept our commiseration as an insult. 'All men are born alike,' say they, with an air of *genu-vine* republican independence, as they call it.

In the beginning of February our party reached the town of Cincinnati, on the right bank of the Ohio. Of course they were obliged to snatch their first hurried meal at the public table; but as they had not yet become reconciled to the fashions of the country, they preferred taking tea in their own room. A good-natured Irish-woman served them as waiter, and they were getting on pretty well, when a loud sharp knocking was heard at the door, and in walked a portly personage, who proclaimed himself their landlord.

'Are any of you ill?' he began. 'No, thank you, sir; we are all quite well,' was my reply. 'Then, madam, I must tell you, that I cannot accommodate you on these terms; we have no family trunk-drawings here, and you must either live with me or my wife, or not at all in my house.' This was said with an air of authority that almost precluded reply, but I ventured a sort of apologetic hint, that we were strangers and unaccustomed to the manners of the country. 'Our manners (said he) are very good manners, and we don't wish any changes from England!' I made no farther remonstrance, but determined to heed my removal. This we achieved the next day to our great satisfaction.

EDINBURGH.

Mr. Vigne is a very calm and reasonable English lawyer. He visited America last summer as a sportsman—to find sport in their woods, and trout streams—certainly not to make sport of themselves. A jealousy on the subject of England struck him as the prominent failing. 'I have,' he observes, 'several times received a friendly caution from Americans themselves on this head. Out of what may be designated as steam-boat acquaintance, there are not fifty men from Maine to Louisiana, who can listen to such a comparison without biting their lips.' Mr. Hodgson, speaking of this vanity, mentions that he scarcely perceived it in good society, and has seen more of it in Americans whilst in England, than at home.—The feeling, however, is one which is quite uncalculated for by any true sense of dignity, or by any English sentiment to which it may be thought possibly to correspond. We are aware of the provocations given by a part of the English press. We lament them as sincerely, and feel quite as indignant at them as our brethren of the *North American Review*. But the nation is not responsible for much less is it a party, to any such publications by its approval. Meanwhile, these things must not be taken so seriously to heart.

The drawings with which Mrs. Trollope has enlivened her text, show its spirit. Their proper place is the window of a caricature shop. Considered in this light, our objections to her book are, first, that it is not announced as a caricature, but is passed off as a true picture; next, that even were it so announced, it is too ill-natured to fall within the legitimate province of classical and gentlemanly burlesque. Instead of a pencil and Indian ink, she uses vitriol and a blacking brush. Virgil is said to have thrown dung about with a grace in the Georgics. Notwithstanding the dexterity of the process in the present instance, caricature is apparently a line in which ladies are not intended to excel. Their feelings carry them too far. When they take to sparring, they generally, we believe, have dropped the gloves before they are aware. A great judge in questions relating to the sex, has ventured to doubt whether they are, any of them, the better for foreign travel. The possibility, however, that a countrywoman of his would ever write a spiteful, ill-considered, and mischief-making book of this description, we are sure was never contemplated by him, when he proposed for their consideration. 'Whether the delicacy of an English lady's mind may not partake of the nature of some high-flavoured wines, which will not admit of being carried abroad, though, under right management, they are admirable at home.' Mr. Hodgson has expressed a hope that it might yet become the fashion for ladies of the two countries to exchange visits across the Atlantic. Then, and perhaps not till then, would English women 'learn to do justice to their western sisters.' It is unfortunate that the experiment

should have commenced with the female Quixote who has volunteered her services on this occasion.—What a different reception would the ladies of America have given, and what a different report should we have received, not merely from Hannah More and Mrs. Fry, but from Miss Edgeworth, and Miss Aikin, Mrs. Hamilton, and Mrs. Markham, or from a hundred others, of whose feminine virtues and accomplishments the modern literature of England is so justly proud!

QUARTERLY.

There is nothing more curious in these amusing volumes than the accounts given, from time to time, of the social position of the ladies. The following expression struck us particularly. Mrs. Trollope, talking of the sensation produced in America by the appearance of the female already alluded to, who lectured against the Bible, Wedlock, &c., in a manner which, as she says, would have made some stir anywhere, adds—'But in America, where women are guarded by a seven fold shield of habitual insignificance, such a spectacle caused an effect that can hardly be described.'—p. 26.

Our attention is next invited to a subject of greater importance, and one which is treated with much skill and good sense in these volumes; we mean the practice of religious observances, and the influence of religion on a society so very differently constituted in all other respects from that of Europe generally, and especially from that of England. We recommend an attentive perusal of Chapters VIII. and XI. to those who are anywise distrustful of the benefits of an established church, in giving consistency to the duties and efficacy to the principles of religion; or, who have no dread of the evils which follow the unrestrained indulgence of misdirected zeal in any, even the best, cause.

A lively description is given of domestic prayer-meetings during this season of Revival, as it is called, but we prefer extracting an account of a scene witnessed by our author at a Presbyterian church in Cincinnati. Well may she say it made her shudder.

Disgusting and mischievous as this exhibition is, its profanity, not to say blasphemy, is far outstripped by the outrageous absurdities our author witnessed at what is called a camp-meeting. We have in vain attempted to abridge the chapter (xv.) in which this exhibition of hypocrisy, folly, fanaticism, and we must add, gross licentiousness,—is described with a degree of graphic effect which ranks the author as a writer of very considerable powers. Nothing can be more painful, we allow, than such a description; but we conceive that it is full of the most important instruction, and is well calculated to check those first risings of ignorant zeal, which, if not duly restrained by right reason, are so very apt, when pressed upon weak minds, to rise into the wildest enthusiasm, to obliterate all traces of the religion of the gospel, and, of course, to supersede every finer sense of moral duty.

EDINBURGH.

The peculiarity of the present tour (whether merit or demerit) rests entirely on the stories of which it principally consists. Many of them are such, that an English gentleman was strangely occupied in collecting them, even for an hour, much more in making the undertaking the work of years. Whatever may be the truth concerning American manners, the supposition that such relations would be acceptable out-cries to London drawing-rooms, is a bad compliment to our own.

QUARTERLY.

Mrs. Trollope seems to have bestowed much attention on the state of education in America, and inserts several literary conversations, which give us curious enough peeps behind the curtains. See vol. i. page 127, where 'poor Shakespeare is held to be too gross' for the refined taste of the backwoods, and 'it is considered quite fustian to speak of Pope.' 'In truth,' observes our author, after a choice specimen of the blue talk of Cincinnati,—'there are many reasons which render a very general diffusion of literature impossible in America. I can scarcely class the universal reading of newspapers as an exception to this remark; if I could, my statement would be exactly the reverse, and I should say that America beat the world in letters. The fact is, that throughout all ranks of society, from the successful merchant, which is the highest, to the domestic serving man which is the lowest, they are too actively employed to read, except at such broken moments as may suffice for a peep at a newspaper.'—vol. i. p. 128.

This state of things, is, in truth, not only acknowledged, but exulted in, by the Americans themselves.

EDINBURGH.

There is a chapter professedly on Education and Literature. It must open the eyes almost of the blind as to the mode in which this book has been got up. The education of America is a noble field—the lady who had left England without ever having seen an infant school was likely enough to pass on one side of it. It is not easily made ridiculous. So we have three or four shallow pages on the desirableness that instruction should be restricted to the classics; and in reproving American literature for not having yet got the playful tone, in the wholesome exercise of which she recognises the use of a Reviewer, and which she considers to be 'perhaps the last finish of highly finished society.' A certain M. Ferry de Constant once made a collection of English lampoons, which he passed off as 'les Anglois peints par eux-mêmes.' The honesty of such a finesse is almost equalled by extracting the trash of newspapers, or annals, as examples of the genius of a nation. In an hour, by the help of 'Rosa Matildas and tears of sensibility' from the *Morning Post*, our lords and ladies, who are said to read it, might be shown to be born idiots. On this

principle we would undertake, in a week, to make out—by a selection from speeches at public meetings, from the literature of contested elections, from the addresses of secretaries to political unions, from the party placards of parish vestries—a case which should leave not a pretence for sense and decency to the body of the English people. The supposed success of a work like Mrs. Trollope's, according to this way of judging, would be a proof, strong as holy writ, of our frivolity, ignorance, and ill-manners. Every ignominy under heaven might be thus easily stamped on the brow of every people.

The following is Mrs. Trollope's notice of Mr. Bryant: 'It is, I think, Mr. Bryant who ranks highest as the poet of the Union. This is too lofty an eminence for me to attack; besides, "I am of another parish," and therefore, perhaps, no very fair judge.' It is answer enough to this sally of mere impertinence, that Washington Irving has published an edition of these Anglo-American poems, and dedicated them to Mr. Rogers.

Let our readers buy the volume. They can then judge for themselves, whether a people—we do not say, among whom such a poet has been produced, (for that might be one of nature's accidents,) but among whom such a poet is the popular poet of the Union,—can deserve the character given them by Mrs. Trollope. Truly may she say, that she is 'of another parish.'

ANCIENT NORWEGIAN WAR-SONG.

Arise! old Norway sends the word
Of battle on the blast!
Her voice the forest pines hath stor'd,
As if a storm went past:
Her thousand hills the call have heard,
And forth their fire-flare cast.

Arm, arm! free hunters for the chase,
The kingly chase of life!
'Tis not the bear, or wild wolf's race,
Whom tramping slaves the snows
Arm, and! 'tis on a nobler trace
The Northern spearman goes.

Our hills have dark and strong defiles,
With many an rocky pass;
Heap there the rocks for funeral piles
Above thy maiden's head!
Or let the suns that glaze our fells
Give burial to his dead! P. H. M.

COMPARISON OF REVOLUTIONS.

It is clear, that among the French of that day, political knowledge was absolutely in its infancy. It would indeed have been strange if it had attained maturity in the time of errors, of *lettres-de-cachet*, and of beds of justice. The electors did not know how to elect. The representatives did not know how to deliberate. M. Dumont taught the constituent body of Montreuil how to perform their functions, and found them apt to learn. He afterwards tried, in concert with Mirabeau to instruct the National Assembly in that admirable system of Parliamentary tactics, which has been long established in the English House of Commons, and which has made the House of Commons, in spite of all the defects in its composition, the best and fairest debating society in the world. But these accomplished legislators, though quite as ignorant as the mob of Montreuil, proved much less docile, and cried out that they did not want to go to school to the English. Their debates consisted of endless successions of trashy pamphlets, all beginning with something about the original compact of society,—man in the hunting state, and other such foolery. They sometimes diversified and enlivened these long readings by a little rioting. They bawled; they hoisted; they shook their fists. They kept no order among themselves. They were insulted with impunity by the crowd which filled their galleries. They gave long and solemn consideration to trifles. They hurried through the most important resolutions with fearful expedition. They wasted months in quibbling about the words of that false and childish Declaration of Rights on which they professed to found their new constitution, and which was at irreconcilable variance with every clause of that constitution. They annihilated in a single night privileges, many of which partook of the nature of property, and ought therefore to have been most delicately handled.

They are called the Constituent Assembly. Never was a name less appropriate. They were not constituent, but the very reverse of constituent. They constituted nothing that stood, or that deserved to last. They had not, and they could not possibly have, the information or the habits of mind which are necessary for the framing of that most exquisite of all machines, a government. The metaphysical cant with which they prefaced their constitution, has long been the scoll of all parties. Their constitution itself,—that constitution which they described as absolutely perfect, and to which they predicted immortality,—disappeared in a few months, and left no trace behind it. They were great only in the work of destruction.

The glory of the National Assembly is this, that they were in truth, what Mr. Burke called them in austere irony, the ablest architects of ruin that ever the world saw. They were utterly incompetent to perform any work which required a discriminating eye and a skilful hand. But the work which was then to be done was a work of devastation. They had to deal with abuses so horrible and so deeply rooted, that the highest political wisdom could scarcely have produced greater good to mankind than was produced by their fierce and senseless temerity. Demolition is undoubtedly a vulgar task; the highest glory of the statesman is to construct. But there is a time for every thing,—a time to set up, and a time to pull down. The talents of revolutionary leaders, and those of the legislator,

have equally their use and their season. It is the natural, the almost universal law, that the age of insurrections and proscriptions shall precede the age of good government, of temperate liberty, and liberal order.

And how should it be otherwise? It is not in swaddling-bands that we learn to walk. It is not in the dark that we learn to distinguish colours. It is not under oppression that we learn how to use freedom. The ordinary sophism by which misrule is defended is, when truly stated, this:—The people must continue in slavery, because slavery has generated in them all the vices of slaves. Because they are ignorant, they must remain under a power which has made and which keeps them ignorant. Because they have been made ferocious by misgovernment, they must be misgoverned for ever. If the system under which they live were so mild and liberal, that under its operation they had become humane and enlightened, it would be safe to venture on a change. But as this system has destroyed morality, and prevented the development of the intellect,—as it has turned men who might, under different training, have formed a virtuous and happy community, into savage and stupid wild beasts,—therefore it ought to last for ever. The English Revolution, it is said, was truly a glorious Revolution. Practical evils were redressed; no excesses were committed; no sweeping confiscations took place; the authority of the laws was scarcely for a moment suspended; the fullest and freest discussion was tolerated in Parliament; the nation showed, by the calm and temperate manner in which it asserted its liberty, that it was fit to enjoy liberty. The French Revolution was, on the other hand, the most horrible event recorded in history,—all madness and wickedness,—absurdity in theory, and atrocity in practice. What folly and injustice in the revolutionary laws! What grotesque affectation in the revolutionary ceremonies! What fanaticism! What licentiousness! What cruelty! Anacharsis Clootz and Marat—feasts of the Supreme Being, and marriages of the Loire—trees of liberty, and heads dancing on pikes—the whole forms a kind of infernal farce, made up of every thing ridiculous, and every thing frightful. This it is to give freedom to those who have neither wisdom nor virtue.

It is not only by bad men interested in the defence of abuses that arguments like these have been urged against all schemes of political improvement. Some of the highest and purest of human beings, engaged in such scorn and aversion for the follies and crimes of the French Revolution, that they recoiled, in the moment of triumph, those liberal opinions to which they had clung in defiance of persecution. And if we enquire why it was that they began to doubt whether liberty were a blessing, we shall find that it was only because events had proved, in the clearest manner, that liberty is the parent of virtue and of order. We believe it to be a rule without an exception, that the violence of a revolution corresponds to the degree of misgovernment which has produced that revolution. Why was the French Revolution so bloody and destructive? Why was our revolution of 1688 comparatively mild? Why was our revolution of 1688 milder still? Why was the American Revolution, considered as an internal movement, the mildest of all? There is an obvious and complete solution of the problem. The English under James the First and Charles the First were less oppressed than the French under Louis the Fifteenth and Louis the Sixteenth. The English were less oppressed after the Restoration than before the great Rebellion. And America, under George the Third, was less oppressed than England under the Stuarts. The reaction was exactly proportioned to the pressure,—the vengeance to the provocation.

When Mr. Burke was reminded in his later years of the zeal which he had displayed in the cause of the Americans, he vindicated himself from the charge of inconsistency, by contrasting the wisdom and moderation of the Colonial insurgents of 1776 with the fanaticism and wickedness of the Jacobins of 1792. He was in fact bringing an argument *a fortiori* against himself. The circumstances on which he rested his vindication, fully proved, that the old government of France stood in far more need of a complete change than the old government of America. The difference between Washington and Robespierre—the difference between Franklin and Barrere,—the difference between the destruction of a few barrels of tea and the confiscation of thousands of square miles,—the difference between the tarring and feathering of a tax-gatherer and the massacres of September,—measure the difference between the government of America under the rule of England and the government of France under the rule of the Bourbons.

Louis the Sixteenth made great voluntary concessions to his people; and they sent him to the scaffold. Charles the Tenth violated the fundamental laws of the state, established a despotism, and butchered his subjects for not submitting quietly to that despotism. He failed in his wicked attempt. He was at the mercy of those whom he had injured. The pavements of Paris were still heaped up in barricades;—the hospitals were still full of the wounded;—the dead were still unburied;—a thousand families were in mourning;—a hundred thousand citizens were in arms. The crime was recent;—the life of the criminal was in the hands of the sufferers;—and they touched not one hair of his head. In the first revolution, victims were sent to death by scores for the most trifling acts proved by the lowest testimony, before the most partial tribunals. After the second revolution, those ministers who had signed the ordinances,—those ministers, whose guilt, as it was of the foulest kind, was proved by the clearest evidence,—were punished only with imprisonment. In the first revolution, property was attacked. In the second, it was held sacred. Both revolutions, it is

true, left the public mind of France in an unsettled state. Both revolutions were followed by insurrectionary movements. But after the first revolution, the insurgents were almost always stronger than the law, and since the second revolution, the law has invariably been found stronger than the insurgents. There is, indeed, much in the present state of France which may well excite the uneasiness of those who desire to see her free, happy, powerful, and secure. Yet if we compare the present state of France with the state in which she was forty years ago, how vast a change for the better has taken place! How little effect, for example, during the first revolution, would the sentence of a judicial body have produced on an armed and victorious party! If, after the 10th of August, or after the proscription of the Gironde, or after the 9th of Thermidor, or after the carnage of Vendémiaire, or after the arrests of Fructidor, any tribunal had decided against the conquerors in favour of the conquered, with what contempt, with what derision, would its award have been received! The judges would have lost their heads, or would have been sent to die in some unwholesome colony. The fate of the victim whom they had endeavoured to save would only have been made darker and more hopeless by their interference. We have lately seen a signal proof that, in France, the law is now stronger than the sword. We have seen a government, in the very moment of triumph and revenge, submitting itself to the authority of a court of law. A just and independent sentence has been pronounced—a sentence worthy of the ancient renown of that magistracy, to which belong the noblest recollections of French history—which, in an age of persecutors, produced L'Hopital,—which, in an age of courtiers, produced D'Aguesseau—which, in an age of wickedness and madness, exhibited to mankind a pattern of every virtue in the life and in the death of Malesherbes. The respectful manner in which that sentence has been received, is alone sufficient to show how widely the French of this generation differ from their fathers. And how is the difference to be explained? The race, the soil, the climate, are the same. If those dull, honest Englishmen, who explain the events of 1793 and 1794, by saying that the French are naturally frivolous and cruel, were in the right, why is the guillotine now standing idle? Not surely for want of Carlists, of aristocrats, of people guilty of iniquity, of people suspected of being suspicious characters. Is not the true explanation this, that the Frenchman of 1832 has been far better governed than the Frenchman of 1789,—that his soul has never been galled by the oppressive privileges of a separate caste,—that he has been in some degree accustomed to discuss political questions, and to perform political functions,—that he has lived for seventeen or eighteen years under institutions which, however defective, have yet been far superior to any institutions that had before existed in France!

As the second French Revolution has been far milder than the first, so that great change which has just been effected in England, has been milder even than the second French Revolution,—milder than any revolution recorded in history. Some orators have described the reform of the House of Commons as a revolution. Others have denied the propriety of the term. The question, though in seeming merely a question of definition, suggests much curious and interesting matter for reflection. If we look at the magnitude of the reform, it may well be called a revolution. If we look at the means by which it has been effected, it is merely an act of Parliament, regularly brought in, read, committed, and passed. In the whole history of England, there is no prouder circumstance than this,—that a change which could not, in any other age, or in any other country, have been effected without physical violence, should here have been effected by the force of reason, and under the forms of law. The work of three civil wars has been accomplished by three sessions of Parliament. An ancient and deeply rooted system of abuses has been fiercely attacked and stubbornly defended. It has fallen; and not one sword has been drawn; not one estate has been confiscated; not one family has been forced to emigrate. The bank has kept its credit. The funds have kept their price. Every man has gone forth to his work and to his labor till the evening. During the fiercest excitement of the contest,—during the first fortnight of that immortal May,—there was not one moment at which any sanguinary act committed on the person of any of the most unpopular men in England, would not have filled the country with horror and indignation.

And now that the victory is won, has it been abused? An immense mass of power has been transferred from an oligarchy to the nation. Are the members of the vanquished oligarchy insecure? Does the nation seem disposed to play the tyrant? Are not those who, in any other state of society, would have been visited with the severest vengeance of the triumphant party,—would have been pining in dungeons, or flying to foreign countries,—still enjoying their possessions and their honours, still taking part as freely as ever in public affairs? Two years ago they were dominant. They are now vanquished. Yet the whole people would regard with horror any man who should dare to propose any vindictive measures. So common is this feeling,—so much is it a matter of course among us,—that many of our readers will scarcely understand what we see to admire in it.

To what are we to attribute the unparalleled moderation and humanity which the English people have displayed at this great conjuncture? The answer is plain. This moderation, this humanity, are the fruits of a hundred and fifty years of liberty. During many generations we have had legislative assemblies which, however defective their constitution might be, have

